HENRY the Sixth,

The First PART.

WITH THE

MURDER

OF *HUMPHREY*

Duke of Gloceſter.

As it was Acted at the

Dukes Theatre.

Written by Mr. *CROWN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Ruſſel-Street*, in *Covent-Garden*. 1681.

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The Prologue.

With much ado a Prologue we obtain'd,
From th' Author who this good old Play did mend,
He ſaid a Prologue was a Painted Clout,
Only to tell the Shew within, hung out,
And he no pains wou'd on the Clout beſtow,
When very few wou'd come to ſee the Show.
The Comet that laſt Summer flam'd above,
Has dropt his Pitch in every Diſh you love.
Poor ſlighted Wit is flung among the Swine,
Like Grapes in France, now you forbid their Wine.
Play-Houſes like forſaken Barns are grown,
The luſty Threſhers of both ends of Town.
Let the Corn rot, and give their Labour o're,
And ſo the Vizards cackle here no more:
Or if they hither come 'tis but for fear,
Leſt zealous Conſtables find 'em elſewhere,
And their torn Coats for Romiſh Reliques ſeize,
And the poor Girles for Painted Images.
Thus all your Pleaſures wither and decay,
You 've ſuck'd the Globe, and flung the ſhell away.
As for our wretched ſelves we are forc'd ſtill,
To chaw down Poetry againſt our will,
But little Pleaſure it to us does give,
We ſwallow it as Sick-Men eat, to live.
And to preſerve your Stomacks we make bold,
To Cram you every day with New or Old.
To day we bring old gather'd Herbs, 'tis true,
But ſuch as in ſweet Shakeſpears Garden grew.
And all his Plants immortal you eſteem,
Your Mouthes are never out of taſte with him.
Howe're to make your Appetites more keen,
Not only oyly Words are ſprinkled in;
But what to pleaſe you gives us better hop,
A little Vineger againſt the Pope.

The Persons Represented in the PLAY.

King *Henry the* Sixth, — By Mr. *Jos. Williams.*

Humphry Duke of *Gloceſter*, Lord Protector of the Kingdom, and Uncle to the King, being Brother to King *Henry* the 5th, — By Mr. *Batterton.*

The *Cardinal*——— a Baſtard Son of *John* of *Gaunt*, and ſo Uncle to Duke *Humphry*. — By Mr. *Harris.*

Richard Plantagenet, Heir of the Houſe of *York*, pretender to the Crown. — By Mr. *D. Williams.*

Duke of *Buckingham.*

Earl of *Warwick.*

Earl of *Salisbury.*

Duke of *Suffolk*, a Lover of the Queen. — By Mr. *Smith.*

Queen *Margaret*, Wife of King *Henry* the 6th, in Love with the Duke of *Suffolk*. — By my La. *Slingsby.*

Elianor, Ducheſs of *Gloceſter*, Wife to the Lord Protector. — By Mrs. *Batterton.*

Sheriff of *London*, Sir *John Stanly*. — *Attendants.*

SCENE, The Court at *Weſtminſter.*

TO

TO

Sir CHARLES SIDLEY BARONET.

SIR,

I *Am afraid I shall displease you, by setting your Name, before so scandalous a thing as a Pamphlet of mine; but when I have told you the reason, I believe you will pardon me. I make not use of your Name to add a lustre to mine; I am not so much concerned for it. Fame built on Poetry is like a Castle in the Air, which the next Wind demolishes. I have heard of great Armies Mustered in the Air, but never of any thing they Conquered. Such are the Forces of Poetry, I have had my Ears torn with the noise of a Poets Drums and Trumpets, of the Bellowing of his Actors, and the clapping of his Audience, but I never heard of one inch of firm Land he gained. All he fought for was Inchanted Ground, which now he seems to possess, and anon it vanishes, has nothing real in it but the vexation of obscene Birds, which disturb him with their croaking, whilst he wakes, and defile him by muting upon him if ever he sleeps. No wise Man can much regard what his share is in such a barren and floating Place.*

My concernment is for some little Truth and good Sense, Commodities which no one will expect to find aboard such a Paper Boat, as a Play, were it not convoy'd by so flourishing and great Reputation as yours. I speak not my own, but the opinion of some of the wisest Men of this Age, this Play is no indifferent Satyre upon the most pompous fortunate and potent Folly, that ever reigned over the minds of men, called Popery. My Lord Bacon says, good Books ought to have no other Patrons but Truth and Reason. Many other things ought to be, that never will. If Truth and Reason were things so potent, how came Folly and Error to prevail over 'em in all Ages and Nations? How came Wisdom to live among the Antients in Porches and Tubs, and Fools to shine in Palaces whilst living, and in Temples when dead? How came Truth among Christians to be troden under foot, for several hundreds of Years, whilst Error and Folly rode on mens Shoulders, and trod on Princes Necks? Mens Shoulders had never been so ill us'd, if their Heads had been good. And when a Germane Fryar discovered Truth, by an accident as strange as another did

Gun-

Gunpowder, how came the Latter miſchievous invention, to have fifty times the ſucceſs of the former, and to pierce a hundred times as many Heads and Hearts? If Truth in Schools and Churches meet ſo much contempt, what muſt it expect in ſo wretched a thing as a Play is now eſteemed? The wiſeſt Men among the Ancients indeed, thought themſelves ſcarce wiſe enough to judge Drammatique Poetry, but ours think themſelves much too Wiſe, and throw it off as a Trifle for Women and Fools to play with; and by that means it pines more and more into a Trifle. For what vigour ſoever is neceſſary to pleaſe Ladies elſewhere, Impotence beſt delights e'm upon the Stage. The Poets that will hit the right Mark, muſt aim at the Boxes, and what Arrows they ſhoot over them are all loſt, nor are our Male Judges of a more Maſculine Spirit. I have always obſerved when an Actor talks Senſe, the Audience begine to ſleep, but when an unnatural paſſion ſets him a grimacing and howling as if he were in a fit of the Stone, they immediately waken, liſten, and ſtare, as if ſome rare Operator were about to Cut him: In ſhort, Senſe is ſo great a ſtranger to the moſt, that it is never welcome to Company for its own ſake, but the ſake of the Introducer. For this reaſon I uſe your Name to guide that ſhare of it is in this Play through the Preſs, as I did Shakeſpear's to ſupport it on the Stage. I called it in the Prologue Shakeſpear's Play, though he has no Title to the 40th part of it. The Text I took out of his Second Part of Henry the Sixth, but as moſt Texts are ſerv'd, I left it as ſoon as I could. For though Shakeſpear be generally very delightful, he is not ſo always. His Volumn is all up-hill and down; Paradiſe was never more pleaſant than ſome parts of it, nor Ireland and Greenland colder, and more uninhabitable then others. And I have undertaken to cultivate one of the moſt barren Places in it. The Trees are all Shrubs, and the Men Pigmies, nothing has any Spirit, or ſhape; the Cardinal is duller then ever Prieſt was. And he has budled up the Murder of Duke Humphry, as if he had been guilty of himſelf, and was afraid to ſhew how it was done: But I have been more bold, to the great diſpleaſure of ſome, who are it ſeems aſhamed of their own myſteries, for there is not a Tool us'd in the murder of Duke Humphry in this Play, but what is taken out of their own Church Armory, nor a word put into the mouth of the Cardinal and his fooliſh Inſtruments, but what firſt dropt from the Heads that adorn their own Church Battlements. I cou'd be large in Quotations did I not nauſeate Pedantry. I ſhall only ſhew that what ſerves here to make the Comical part of a Play, does in the Popiſh Countries compoſe the graveſt part of their Devotion. I make the fooliſh Murderer complain that he cou'd not thrive, though he kept every Day a Holy-day in honour of ſome Saint. Now nothing is more known then that in thoſe Countries, the great Trafique between them and their Saints, almoſt ruine all other Trades. The People are forced to keep ſo many Holy-days, that they have not Working-days enough to keep themſelves; when they ſhou'd be labouring to fill their Bellies, they are cramming Latine into their Mouths, in the honour of ſome Saint, who perhaps underſtands not a word of the Language, unleſs he learnt it ſince he died, which is a great doubt. And they have ſo many Saints, that the People in Heaven ſtarve thoſe upon Earth, and contrary to what is done in other Famines, the Dead devour the Living. No Manufa-

Ctury

Usury thrives like that of Saint-making, all others must contribute to that, and even the Workmanship of God must grow poor to enrich that of the Priests. When all the Saints had disappointed this poor Fellow, I make him go to a Priest for advice, who instead of bidding him follow his calling, sets him a mumbling a Prayer, which he tells him is of that efficacy, that if he says it over Thirty Days together, it will procure him in the end what ever he asks for. What appears too ridiculous here for the mouth of a Stage-fool, in a Country no less polished then France, *is recommended to the Faith and Devotion of no less a Prince then the* Dauphin, *in a little Book entituled,*

HEVRES Dedidees a Monsiegneur le Dauphin, contenant L' Office qui se dit en L' Eglise, avec l' Exercice du Matin, & en soir, & le Catechisme dresse par les Peres de la Mission.

The Prayer is to the Virgin Mary, *in the* 229th *Page, in the middle of the Prayer 'tis said,* ——Here demand what ever you please.

When this Prayer would not do, I make the Priest give him another, conveyed by an Angel as he says into the Grave of a Germane Lady, who had her Head cut off, and lived after it two and twenty Hours, not being able to die, till she had Confessed and Communicated. And the Prayer had this miraculous power annext to it, that whosoever did but carry it about him, shou'd never suffer by Sea or by Land, &c. *This I found in a little French Book of Devotion to the* Virgin Mary, *Licenced by the Fathers of the* Augustine Friars, *as containing nothing in it contrary to Catholick Faith, and recommended to the People with an extraordinary Approbation; by what Charter these Prayers claim such great Priviledges, is not said, yet must be believed. Some think me very profane, for bringing what belongs to the Church upon the Stage; but they may allow me that, since they have carried many things that belong to the Stage into the Church. To expose these Follies to the People is the business of this Play, and I believe you will pardon me that I borrow some assistance from your Reputation, since you your self have of late to your very great Honour, employ'd your Interest and excellent Understanding in the same design. And though you can do it better in common Conversation, then I by all my Study and Premeditation, It follows not, because Lightning sometimes shoots through all the Heavens, and rends the Oaks, a Man may not light a Candle in the Night: To hinder this Rush light from being blown out, is the reason why I place your Name before it. I have a mind the Play shou'd be read, and every one will read it, if they think you like it. I know few Understandings so universally esteem'd as yours, and for so good Reason. It wou'd be foolish in me to lush out into unnecessary praises of a Wit that has been so long the delight and ornament of the Nation, and is now become the Defence of what is very dear to it, Truth, Liberty, and Property. I have so deeply felt, what the loss of Property is, that I cannot but honour the Defenders of it, though their defence comes too late to me. I may appear vain in my complaint, but People will Groan when they are in pain; my Father, and by consequence my self, his Heir, was stript long since (by the advice of some ill great Men, who sacrifice*

both

both private and publick Interest to their own) of the Maity of a Province so considerable, the French Crown thought it worth contending for, many Years. And if that fortunate Kingdom strove for it, you may imagine they got it. I have great hopes of a speedy reparation from the great Justice Clemency and Goodness of his Majesty. But this loss made me run into that Madness, call'd Poetry, and inhabit that Bedlam, call'd a Stage. I have been so happy, that for several Years, certain Gentlemen unknown to me, have fallen on me, and endeavoured to Bleed me when ever I appear'd. I wish I knew 'em, that I might thank 'em for the Kindness they have done me, though they design'd me nothing but Mischief. The grounds of their Antipathy I know not. Fools I confess may be very well moved to bark at Poets, from the same cause, that they say all kind of Dogs do at Skinners, from a natural instinct that gives 'em notice their own Hides are in danger. But I have no great scent of Blood upon me, and therefore must impute their Aversions to those Occult Qualities that puzle Philosophers. 'This convinces me, 'tis necessary for me to flie to some Wise Mans protection; and I cannot be safer than under yours. Poets are too poor to be beg'd, 'tis well if they can get Guardians for begging. I am confident you will be entreated to take upon you the Guardianship of this little parcel of a Mad-mans Estate, now I have told you for what good uses it 'tis design'd. And if so, this will do well, and I shall live at ease, for those who will behave themselves very rudely to me as a Poet, and to this as a thing for publick entertainment, will be very civil to this when it is under your care, and to me when I am received by you: For

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

JOHN CROWN.

Henry

Henry the Sixth;

OR, THE

MURDER

OF THE

Duke of Gloceſter.

The First Part.

ACT. I.

Enter Humphry *Duke of* Gloceſter, *Duke of* York, *Cardinal* Beauford, *Duke of* Somerſet, *Duke of* Buckingham, *Earl of* Salisbury, *Earl of* Warwick.

Glo. MY Lords, you cannot but have ſeen of late
Much diſcontent ſit always on my Brow.
All Men that know me well, muſt know, no private
Petty concernment can unfix my mind.
No; (ſome will think perhaps I ſpeak too proudly,
I care not what they think, I'le ſpeak my Mind)
Nothing has weight enough to preſs my ſpirits
Leſs than the great Misfortunes of the Kingdom.
Card. So! how my Lord Protector gracefully —— *aſide.*
Uſhers himſelf into theſe Lords eſteem?
What boſom here now will not bid him welcome?
I hate him, but I will not let him know it,
Till I can let him know it to his ruine.

Glo. Ah! my Lords, Did my valiant glorious Brother,
Henry the Fifth, erect the Law of *England*
Above the *Roman*, or the *Macedonian*?
Do things, that made the Continent all tremble,
When e're the favourable Winds unlockt
The floating Gates of this our little World,
To let out that our brave Warriors to invade it,
That *France* not only did confess it self
A Vassal to his Royal *English* Blood;
But the whole Empire of the World did seem
To own it self the Birth right of his Valour?
To. Eternity shall ne'r wear out the Characters
Of his Renown, which his keen Sword engrav'd.
Glo. Ay, yes his fame shall last; but not his Empire:
He's dead, and with him his great Empire dies:
All that his Valour got, all that the vigilance
And wisdom of my Brother *Bedford* kept:
All that your selves and I, have early and late
Study'd to keep, and kept some years with glory,
Crowning our King in *Paris* in his Infancy,
Making Proud *France* bow to an *English* Child.
All, all these Labours, Victories and Glories,
Are melting down in a soft beautious bosom,
Given away to purchase a Fair Face.
A fatal Marriage in one fatal minute
Has spoyl'd the Work of many glorious years.
Card. Nephew, you are more passionate than needs;
France is not gone, nor shall it go so easily.
Glo. No, 'tis not gone indeed, but all the sluces
Are pulling up, and it is going fast.
'Tis pouring out apace in Provinces;
The new made Duke of *Suffolk* gives whole Provinces
To buy the King a Wife, *Anjou* and *Maine*
Are frankly given to the Queen's poor Father
King *Reignier*, whose high and flowing style
Dwells far above the Banks of his low Purse,
But he must have these Provinces to fill it.
Of such low value, in this Duke's esteem,
Is all the purchase of our Blood, that he
Will give it all away for Blushing Cheeks.
Sal. Those Dukedoms were the Keys of *Normandy*.
My Lord of *Warwick* Weeps —— Why weeps my Son?
War. Who wou'd not weep to see his own Blood cheapned
And sold before his Face at a low rate?
I won those Provinces, and what got
With Wounds, is given away with peaceful words.

Glo. Yes,

Glo. Yes, and to make it even ridiculous,
The Duke of *Suffolk* Asks a whole Fifteenth
For Charges, to Transport the Queen to *England.*
What? Was there ne'r a Beauty in the World
Besides the Queen? yes, sure there was in *England*;
Had the King so much doted upon Beauty,
He might have Married one of His fair Subjects,
And had more Beauty at a cheaper rate.
Card. My Lord of *Gloceſter*, this is hot discourse,
And, as I think, to very little purpose;
Since what is done, now cannot be recall'd;
And what is done, was done to please the King.
Glo. My Lord of *Winchester* I understand you;
'Tis not my hot Discourse, but Presence warms you.
You have a Fester'd Mind, and 'twill break out;
I saw it in your Face; if I stay longer
We shall begin our antient Bickerings:
But such small matters shall not trouble me,
I will be gone; but e're I go I'le Propheſy,
France will be lost: but I desire to prove
As False a Prophet, as you are a Priest —— *Exeunt.*
Card. Affronted thus? 'Pox o' these fumbling Robes! *(aside.)*
How came my Warlike Spirit wrapt in these
Formalities, that hold my hands from Blood?
I'm fitter for a Sword, and I will use one ——
Did you not hear the good Protector, Lords?
Expect what usage you will have; when I
His Unckle, and a Priest, am thus abus'd.
You see how well his Enmity is heal'd;
And he has much the same kindness for you,
And indeed for the King. He makes great shew
Of Zeal for *England*, and he has great zeal for it
That is t'enjoy it; he is heir apparent;
And the King cannot please him by a Marriage,
Unless he'd Wed an Altar, or a Cell.
Be not, my Lords, cheated with his smooth words.
What though the foolish common people dote on him,
Clapping their hands, and shouting when they see him,
Crying, Heaven save your Royal Excellence,
And call him always the good Duke of *Gloceſter?*
They are Fools, and know not Men, nor what they love;
Uncheat e'm; but however save the King,
Protect him from his dangerous Protector.
Buck. Why shou'd the King, my Lords, have a Protector?
He is of age (I think) to rule himself.
My Lord of *Somerset* joyn you with me,

We, with the Duke of *Suffolks* ayd, will hoyse
Duke *Humphry* from his Seat.
Card. This weighty buſineſs
Brooks no delay; I'le to the Duke of *Suffolk*——*Exit.*
Som. Though the Protector's Pride and Greatneſs vex us,
The Cardinal's Inſolence is more intolerable;
If *Gloſter* be diſplac'd he'l be Protector.
Buck. If *Gloſter* falls, or you or I'le ſucceed —— *Ex.* Buck. *and* Sal.
Sal. So! ſo! the Kingdom will thrive well no doubt,
When all will rend her for their private ends.
I never ſaw but the good Duke of *Glocester*
Bore himſelf like a Noble Gentleman;
But I have ſeen the Cardinal demean himſelf
More like a Soldier than a Prieſt; he'l often
Swear like a Ruffian, quarrel like a Hector,
Trample on all, as he were Lord of all:
My worthy Son, and you my Lord of *York*,
My valiant Brother, let us joyn together,
And ſhew the Kingdom has ſome good Men in it,
Who faithfully will ſerve their King and Country,
And ayd all others who promote that work,
And among thoſe I reckon the Protector.
War. So heaven help me, as I love my Country. — (*Ex.* Sal. *&* War.
Yo. And ſo ſay I, for I have greateſt cauſe,
Anjou and *Main* are given to the *French*.
Two Dukedoms given for a Dukes fair Daughter.
Henry, I blame thee not: What is it to thee?
Thou doſt not give away thine own, but mine.
Pirates may make cheap penny-worths of their Pillage.
Whilſt the poor injur'd owner ſtands aloofe,
And ſhakes his head, and weeps, and wrings his hands,
And ſees his Goods all borne away, and dares
Not touch his own, or ſcarcely call it his.
England, and *France*, and *Ireland*, are my Kingdoms.
One day I may both claim and ſeize my own,
And from weak *Henry*'s Head may pull the Crown:
Theſe high fierce Tempeſts methinks make it ſhake.
What opportunity they give, I'le take. (*Exit.*

Enter Duke of Glocester, *and his Dutcheſs* Elianor.

Eli. Why droops my Lord, and on the ſullen Earth
Fixes his Eyes? What doſt thou there behold
King *Henry*'s Diadem fallen from his Head,
Too feeble to ſupport the mighty weight?
If it be that thou look'ſt on, gaze thy fill,

Put forth thy hand, and reach the glorious Gold.
Glo. Oh *Nell!* ſweet *Nell!* if thou doſt love thy ſelf,
Baniſh the Canker of Ambitious thoughts,
They will devour thy Peace, thy Life, thy Soul.
May the curſt hour, when I imagine ill
Againſt my Royal Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortal World.
Eli. I wiſh the ſame to me; but, Is it ill
To the good Pious King, to take from him
A heavy Weight that preſſes him to Earth,
An Element his heavenly mind abhors?
His thoughts are all above, and Royal cares
Tear e'm, and pull e'm down to earth in ſpite of him,
And, What a torment to him muſt that be?
It is unjuſt to let ſo good a Prince
So cruelly be tortur'd with a Crown.
Gloc. Oh *Elianour!* away with thy fond words,
Thou mayſt deceive thy ſelf, thou canſt not me:
Haſt thou in my Embraces layn ſo long,
And am I yet wholly a ſtranger to thee?
I find thy high aſpiring thoughts did ſtudy
My honor, and my offices, not me.
Thou know'ſt them well, thou haſt weigh'd them exactly,
But me thou art an utter ſtranger to,
Or thou woud'ſt never tempt me to diſloyalty.
Eli. He is the loyal Subject ſeeks to pleaſe
His King, and not himſelf: 'Tis more diſloyalty
T'impoſe a Crown upon Religious *Henry*,
Than 'tis to Uſurp one from another King.
But you are only Loyal to your ſelf,
And your own fame; becauſe to take the Crown
The World wou'd call Diſloyalty and Treaſon;
You wrong the King, to ſave your own renown.
Glo. Away, away fond *Elianor!* —— as Nature
Has given you Women thinner skins than Men,
Through which your working blood is eaſier ſeen;
So thinner Arts to hide your laboring thoughts.
Do not I know your thoughts, deſigns, and ſoul,
And all you'd work me to as well as you?
You would have me throw my ſelf down to Villany,
To exalt you in place above the Queen.
Blaſt my Renown and Soul to all eternity,
To pleaſe your haughtineſs for ſome few years.
Oh *Elianor!* now I muſt Chide outright;
Preſumptuous, unkind, ill-minded *Elianor!*
Are you not the ſecond Woman in the Kingdom?

Have

H ve you not Worldly Pleaſure at command?
A greater circle of delight, than all
Thy Soul can range about in thy whole Life?
Yet not content with theſe, Wilt thou be forging
New impious honors, till pil'd heap on heap
They fall, and overwhelm thy ſelf and me?
Eli. I muſt confeſs I mortally abhor,
And ſcorn that Woman, which is now my Queen.
Oh! hateful thought! ſhe! ſhe! my Queen —— a Vaſſal
Of *France* ſubdu'd by us into a Province;
And ſhe a Beggar in that Conquer'd Province,
Become the Queen, and Miſtriſs of her Conquerors;
I the firſt Woman of Victorious *England*,
Bow to the laſt of low dejected *France*?
Prepoſterous! ignominious! baſe! contemptible!
Had you the ſpirit of an Engliſh Conqueror,
You wou'd not bear it——but you have it not.
The mighty fire, that burnt ſo bright and hot
In the brave Engliſh Souls of the laſt Age,
Is blazing now its laſt in me a Woman;
Who can no more than greatly think and talk;
A ſhrewd ſign heaven is taking from us *France*,
Since he takes from us ſpirits that ſhou'd rule it.
And yet were I but Queen of *England* once,
I wou'd not doubt but to keep Conquer'd *France*.
Though Kings, and Lord Protectors cannot do it.
Glo. Talk not of ruling Kingdoms, rule your ſelf.
That I lament the King's moſt fatal Marriage,
The Queen her ſelf, and all the Kingdom knows:
But I abhor it not for Womaniſh cauſes,
Becauſe my Wive's inferior goes before her;
But becauſe *France*, *England's* inferior,
Will by this Match aſcend above her Conqueror:
We give two Provinces to buy a Wife,
Who brings nought with her but a ſhameful Peace,
And this is that cauſes my preſent ſadneſs.
Eli. And ſadneſs will redreſs your Country's Griefs.
Gl. Yes! He ſhall dye that wrought e'm, trayterous *Suffolk*,
Eli. If *Suffolk* dyes for bringing ſuch a Curſe on us,
What ſhou'd be done to her who is that Curſe?
Let her not live, or rather let her live,
But live no Queen ——
Glo. But ſubject to your ſelf ——
Eli. I almoſt ſcorn to have ſo poor a Subject.
Glo. Ah, *Elianor!* thy Pride, and my fond Love
To thee, will bring deſtruction on us both.

Have

Have I not Griefs enow already on me,
And Enemies enow that plot my ruine?
But you muſt be among the number of e'm?
Eli. I'em Enemy to nothing but the Queen;
And I'le to her be an implacable
And Devilliſh Enemy, whil'ſt ſhe is a Queen:
Let her be poor Dame *Margaret*, and my Subject,
And I will Sign her then an Act of Grace.
Glo. You will comply in nothing to pleaſe me.
Eli. I will comply in every thing I can;
But I muſt hate the Queen in ſpite of me.
Glo. If thou muſt hate her, do; but yet love me.
Eli. I hope you doubt not that, my Lord.
Glo. I do not.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. My Lord Protector, 'tis His Majeſties pleaſure
You prepare to ride to S. *Albans*,
Where both the King and Queen are a going to Hawke.
Glo. I go! —— Come *Nell*—Wilt thou along with us?—*Ex.*
Eli. Yes, my good Lord, I'le follow preſently.
Follow — I that's the Word—follow I muſt,
Whil'ſt *Gloceſter* bears this baſe and humble mind.
My Spirit cries, go firſt; the Duke ſayes, follow:
Shall I obey my Husband, or my Soul?
My Soul is my ſelf, he but my other ſelf;
And by his humble mind my weaker ſelf:
Well, I will play my part in Fortune; Pageant
Where are you there? Sir *John*—— nay, fear not Man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Humes.

Hume. Heaven preſerve your Majeſty.
Eli. My Majeſty?
Hume. Yes, that will be your Title very ſhortly.
Eli. Has my infernal friend the Devil ſaid this,
By his Prieſt and Prieſteſs the Conjurer and Witch?
Haſt thou conferr'd with e'm?
Hume. Madam I have.
Eli. And Will they undertake to do me ſervice?
Hume They have promiſed from the infernal deeps to dragge
One of the Spirits that of old gave Oracles,
Whoſe fiery eye, by its own Native Light,
Sees all that's hidden in Fates dark Abyſs,

As plain as we Mortals when they come to light:
This Spirit ſhall make Anſwer to all Queſtions,
That it ſhall pleaſe your Grace to poſe him with.
Eli. It is enough. I'le think upon the Queſtions.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward, make merry Man
With thy Confederates in this weighty buſineſs.
Hume. I humbly thank your Grace —— *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolk *talking with the* Queen.

Eli See, here comes ſhe
That blaſts my eyes worſe than the Spirit can do
The Witch will raiſe out of th' Infernal deep;
And with her, her damn'd Minion, Trayterous *Suffolk*,
That I were now a Peſtilence to cover her
From head to foot with tort'ring deadly ſores.
I will throw ſcorn on her as I paſs by,
A thing a Woman hates worſe than the Plague.
And I will undermine her Royal Glories,
If digging deep as loweſt Hell will do it.
I'le climbe the Throne, or elſe to Hell I'le fall;
If Heaven won't make me great, the Devil ſhall.
Qu. Ha! Did you not obſerve, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
With what contempt that Woman look'd upon me,
As ſhe paſt by?
Suff. I ſaw it, and I laugh'd at it.
Qu. Ho! call her back, and fling her at my feet.
Suff. She ſhall fall ſhortly there, and lower too,
If my Plots fail not.——

Enter Petitioners, Peter *the Armorers Man being one.*
1. *Pet.* May it pleaſe your Grace.
Suff. What woud'ſt thou have with me?
1. *Pet.* I think you be my Lord Protectors Grace,
If you be, prav your Grace ſee my Petition.
2. *Pet.* And mine.
3 *Pet.* And mine——an't pleaſe your Grace,
Qu. So, All Petitions to the Protector's Grace,
The Kingdom s ſupplications all to him,
And all the Ladies follow his Wives Train:
The King and I are only Royal Cyphers,
Flouriſh'd and guilded only with fine Titles.
Come, What are your Petitions? let me ſee e'm.
1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe you Madam, againſt *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinall's Man, for keeping my Houſe, and my Lands, and my Wife from me.

Suff. How?

Suff. How? thy Wife from thee too? that's very hard.

1. *Pet.* Nay, an't please your Grace, let him give me my House and my Lands, and let him keep my Wife an' he will, I do not care, now he has had her so long.

Suff. What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of *Suffolk*, for Enclosing the Commons of *Melford?* How now you Rascal?

2. *Pet.* An't please your Grace I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Township.

Pet. Mine is against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying, the Duke of *York* is lawful Heir to the Crown.

Qu. How?

Pet. Yes, and that the King is but an Usurper.

Qu. There's a Villain indeed.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter a Servant.

Take this Fellow in, and send for a Pursuivant presently,
We'l hear more of this Matter before the King.

Qu. You, here; who shroud your selves under the Protector,
Begin your Suits anew, and sue to him. (*Tears their Petitions.*
This is the Duke of *Suffolk*, I'me your Queen.

2 *Pet.* The Duke of *Suffolk!* oh! I am undone!

Qu. Away you Slaves! ho! turn these Fellows out.
Is this the Fashion in the Court of *England?*
Is this the Royalty of th' English King,
To be a Pupil to a Governour?
Am I a Queen, yet Subject to a Duke?
Oh my *La Poole!* when in the City *Tours*
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my Love,
And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of *France*;
I from thy Graces copyed in my Mind
A charming glorious Picture of King *Henry*;
I thought thy Courage, Courtship, and Proportion,
Had been brave Shadows, of thy braver King.
But oh! there ne'r was Woman so deceiv'd
At the first sight of the Kings sad grave Look;
The golden Image of him in my mind
Fell down upon my heart, and almost broke it.
My heavy heart sunk in a Royal shadow,
And greater was the fall, because before
It stood on high and golden expectations.
Ah! never was so sad a fall, as that
From glorious *Suffolk*, down to soft King *Henry*.

Suff. Madam, be patient, for I Married you,
Not to the poor weak King, but to the brave Kingdom,

And that I'le make a glorious Husband to you.
Qu. Indeed the Marriage 'tween the King and me
Is but a ſtrange one; for to ſpeak the truth,
I'm Wedded to the Throne more than to him,
And he is Married more to Heaven than me.
His Soul is Married to all the Saints in Heaven;
Heaven is the King's ſpacious Seraglio:
There his heart lives; that which he leaves below
With me, and with the Kingdom, is a ſhadow.
Suff. He is indeed no more but a King's Ghoſt,
That walks in night; it has been night in *England*
E'r ſince that Glorious Sun, his Father, ſet.
And *France* and *England*, like two metled Steeds
Bound, ſtartle, break their reins, and run away,
At ſight of this pale Ghoſt; nor will be Govern'd.
Qu. 'Twere night with *England*, I am ſure with me,
If 'twere not for my glorious *La Poole*.
If 'twere not for thee, *England*, were Hell to me,
And I tormented with Infernal pains,
Under the Arrogance of the Protector,
Of Cardinal *Beauford*, that imperious Church-Man,
Of *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*, and grumbling *York*,
For each of theſe is greater than the King.
Suff. And *Salisbury*, and *Warwick* are as great as they.
Qu. Indeed, for any thing that I can ſee,
The King's the only Subject in the Kingdom.
He obeys all, and no one obeys him.
But all this does not vex me half ſo much,
As the intolerable inſolence
Of that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife.
She invades the Court each day, with Troopes of Ladies,
And vanquiſhes my Glory ſo entirely,
That I appear a little falling Star,
And ſhe a Comet upon whom all gaze.
Her very Habit does exceed in coſt
Th' expences of a little Princes Court.
She Swim's along the Court, like a Guilt Ship,
New come from *India*, laden all with Jewels,
And then ſhe ſcorns to ſtrike her Sayl to me,
But over-looks me, like a little Pinke
Laden with Toyes and Fripperies from *France*.
This ſlave to Pride, that ſhou'd be ſlave to me,
Vaunted amongſt her Minions the other day,
The very Train of her worſt wearing Gown,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suff. Laugh

Suff. Laugh at her Pride; for, Madam, it ſhall ſhortly
Be your Diverti ſement, and her Deſtruction.
I've dug a Pit for the fierce Lyoneſs.
Who, greedy of Honor, ranges to the very
Suburbs of Hell for it; and I've turn'd looſe
Jackalls to tempt her to the Pit in ſhew,
Of guiding her to her deſired Prey.
See here comes one of my Jackalls——Sir *John*
What News?

Enter Humes.

Humes. Good News, my Lord, I have been with the Ducheſs,
And did Salute her in the Devil's Name,
With the Title of Majeſty.
Suff. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs.*)
Qu. What do you mean?
Suff. Madam, the Story will make you Laugh; the Ducheſs
Is going to the Devil for Preferment.
Qu. How? To the Devil?
Suff. Yes; and bribes this Gentleman,
To find out ſome of the Devil's Spyes and Agents,
To ayd her in a Correſpondence with him.
Humes. Madam, it is moſt true, and I've found out
One *Margery Jordan*, an experienc'd Witch,
And *Roger Bullingbrook* a Conjurer,
And they pretend they'l raiſe from Hell a Spirit
Shall tell her all ſhe'l aske.
Qu. Sure they are Cheats.
Suff. They ſhall be Cheats to her, and her Duke *Humphry*.
Two mortal Devils, call'd *York* and *Buckingham*,
Shall ſend their Devil to Hell, and carry her
To what ſhe more than Hell abhors, to ſhame
And ruine, and her Duke ſhall quickly follow:
He muſt have ſhare of it in ſpite of him.
Qu. Oh! my *La Poole*, that I were now in private (*aſide.*
To Kiſs thee for this Plot! Oh! 'tis a rare one!
Humes, carry on this Plot, here's Gold for thee,
Thou ſhalt have more.
Humes. So, the Gold tumbles in
On every ſide of me, but 'tis no wonder. (*aſide.*
I ſerve the Maſter of the Mines of the Devil,
And how in Hell he uſes Slaves I know not:
He is an excellent Maſter in this World. (*Exit.*
Qu. Oh! *Suffolk!* thou didſt never look ſo lovely
In all thy Life as now; nor did I ever

Feel ſuch tranſporting pleaſure in my Soul.
Now I ſhall be a Queen.
Suff. A glorious one.
I'm ſure the faireſt *England* ever ſaw.
Qu. Oh! *Suffolk!* braveſt, lovelieſt of Men!
I'm trebly bleſt by thee, thou doſt delight
My Love, and my Revenge, and my Ambition.
Now all the Ladies that in ſcorn of me,
Flatter'd and waited on proud *Gloſter*'s Wife,
Shall ſuddenly repent their ſawcy follies.
Suff. The Duke's of *Somerſet*, and *Buckingham*,
With the Inſolent Cardinal, ſhall all fall too.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit;
So one by one we'l tumble e'm all down.
Qu. And on the Ruines of 'em all, we'l revel.
Suff. And *England* at the Queen's command ſhall be.
Qu. I'le Govern that, and thou ſhalt govern me.

ACT II.

The King *and* Queen *ſat in State, Duke* Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Ducheſs attending.*

King. FOr my own part, my Lords, I care not whether
Rules *France*, the Duke of *Somerſet*, or *York*,
All's one to me, they are both fitting Men.
York. Sir, if I ill demean'd my ſelf in *France*,
Then let me be deny'd the Regentſhip.
Som. Sir, if I be unworthy of the place,
Then give the Duke of *York* the Regentſhip.
War. Whether your Grace, my Lord, be worthy or not,
Diſpute not that, the Duke of *York* is worthier.
Car. Ambitious *Warwick!* let your betters ſpeak.
War. The Cardinal's not my betters in the Field.
Buck. My Lord, all in this Preſence are your betters.
War. In Title, not in Fortune, or in Courage.
Sal. Peace, Son!
King. Oh! peace my Lords! Do not you know
What little pleaſure I have in my Crown,
And Do you ſtrive to make me wearier of it?
You take it ill if I refuſe you Governments,

Yet

Yet you deny to let me Rule in quiet.
I wonder what you see in this vile World
Worth the contending for. Heaven has entrusted me
With Three Great Kingdoms, *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,
And I must give Account of 'em to Heaven,
And not throw up my Charge for my own ease,
Else I wou'd gladly give e'm all to buy
The holy Peace, any of you may have.
Yet you disturb your selves and me for Rule,
Which I account a Pennance for my sins.
Qu. Is this a King that speaks? or some poor Pilgrim,
That having lost his way, seates himself ignorantly
Down in a Throne, and does not know 'tis one.
And falls a Preaching to the gaping Multitude.
Oh! What a Prince is this to sway three Kingdoms? } (*Aside.*
And what a Husband's this for a young Queen?
Yo. Most Gratious Soveraign! our chief contention
Is to give you that ease which you delight in,
To lay the burden of your Government
On Men whose Loyalty and great Abilities
May bear e'm up, both to your ease and glory.
Sal. And for the Government of *France*, my Lord
Of *York*, no Man so fitting as your self.
And pray my Lord of *Buckingham*, shew reason
Why you prefer the Duke of *Somerset*?
Qu. Because 'tis the King's Will to have it so.
Glou. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To speak his Mind; these are no Womens matters.
Qu. If he be old enough, What needs your Grace
To be Protector of His Majesty?
Glou. Madam, I am Protector of the Kingdom,
And at His pleasure will resign my Place.
Suff. Resign it then, and leave your Insolence;
Since you were King, (As who is King but you?)
The Common-wealth has daily run to ruine.
The Dauphin seiz'd our Provinces in *France*,
And you our Liberties and Honors here.
Car. The Commons you have Rack't, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and lean with your Extortions.
Som. You spend the Publick Treasure most profusely
On Sumptuous Buildings for your Luxury,
And costly Attire for your Wive's Vanity.
Elia. So! so! my Dress becomes a Crime of State;
Shortly I do believe you will Arraign
My Necklaces and Bodkins of High Treason;
You cannot do it by the Law of *England*,

'Cause

'Cauſe they have not their Equals here to try 'em by.

Buck. We may extort the Law as oft your Husband
Has done, to puniſh beyond bounds of Law.

Qu. And not content to waſte the Publick Treaſure,
Both on his own, and his Wive's fooliſh Pride.
He has, as the Suſpition's very ſtrong,
Made Sale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
Which if 'twere prov'd, ſhou'd make him loſe his Head.

Glo. How am I baited beyond Human ſufferance?
I will go out and coole, leſt I be tempted
To act or ſpeak any thing
Unworthy of my ſelf, and of this Preſence (*Exit.*

King. My Lords, my Lords, I ſee, and grieve to ſee
Too much Ill-mindedneſs in all this Fury.
We oft by Lightning read in darkeſt Night,
And by your Paſſions I read all your Natures,
Though you at other times can keep e'm dark;
But I have Read e'm when you thought it not,
And I my ſelf ſcarce minded what I did.
I, like the muſing *Hermit* in the Deſert,
Feel the cold nipping blaſts of the rough Wind,
And hear the Howles of Wolves, and Yelpes of Foxes,
Though I regard e'm not, nor mind at all
To ſhun e'm, or to fortifie againſt e'm.

Card. I hope the King rankes not among the Wolves
One of the Shepherds of the Sacred Flock.

King. I ſhou'd be glad I had no cauſe at all.

Suff. I hope there's none of us has ſpoken any thing
But from deep ſence of Loyalty and Honor
Againſt a Traytor to the King and Kingdom.

King. I'le Judge ſo honourably of you all,
To think, you only eccho Publick Rumor;
And Ecchoes that miſcall the Paſſenger
Injure him not, but they that ſet e'm talking.
Publick Report then wrongs the Duke, not you;
For if you know him falſe, Why don't you prove it?
Then you do ill, to do no more then Talke.

Qu. Sir, ſubtle Men don't uſe to act their Wickedneſs
In Roades, in Markets, or on Steeple tops;
But cloſely hid; ſo hid, that oft the Devil
Who did employ e'm, ſcarce knows what they mean.

Elia. Come, Sir, all this is ſpoken out of envy,
Low crawling envy, envy that is chok'd
With the great Duſt the Train of my Robes make.
Whence came this beggarly Spirit into *England?*
It never can be of the Engliſh growth.

The

The late great Conquerors of Towns and Provinces
Fallen to envy a Lady's Cloaths? Oh! beggarly!
Some poor French Pedler brought this Spirit hither,
'Mongſt the ſmall Wares, they ſell ſo dear to us.
Qu. Oh! how ſhe taunts me!——this is meant to me! (*Aſide.*
I will take an occaſion to affront her. (*Lets fall her Fan.*
Give me my Fan! —— What, Minion, Can you not?
She gives the Dutcheſs a Box o'th' ear.
I cry you Mercy, Madam, Was it you?
Elia. Yes, it was I, proud Daughter of a Beggar.
Strike me thy betters, many times thy betters,
Bating the Dignity the King beſtows on thee.
No mar'le thou look'ſt with envy on my Jewels;
Thy Father cou'd not give thee Gold enough
Only to Guild one of the Kings Prayer-Books.
The King was forc'd to give him two great Provinces,
That ſo it might not ſhamefully be ſaid,
The Father of the Queen of *England* ſtarves.
Qu. So! ſo!
King. Fye Madam! Fye! this is too much.
Pray Rule your ſelf, it was againſt her will.
Elia. Againſt her will? no! Sir! 'twas with her will,
And ſhortly ſhe will do as much to you.
But ſhe ſhall never ſtrike me unreveng'd —— *Exit. Elia.*
Buck. I will follow her my Lord Cardinal,
And liſten after the Duke, how he proceeds.
The Ducheſs Fury now will need no ſpurs,
She'l gallop faſt enough to her deſtruction.
Card. And let her gallop, and the Devil ſpeed her—— *Ex. Buck.*

Enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. My Lords, I've walk'd away from all that paſſion,
Which your falſe ſpiteful Accuſations
Had kindled in my breaſt; and now I come
In a cold candid temper to adviſe you
To ſpare your ſelves, for me you cannot hurt.
Bring any Proofs of what you have accuſed me,
And I lye open to the Law as any Man,
At leaſt I will do ſo; for if you think
My Office fences me, I'le throw it down.
But to the matters that we have in hand,
I ſay the Duke of *York*'s the fitteſt perſon
To be your Regent Sir in *France*.
Suff. Before Election's made, let me ſhew reaſon why
The Duke of *York* is moſt unfit of any Man.

York. My

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, I will tell you why,
Becauſe I ſcorn to be your Flatterer.
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
Such is my Lord of *Somerſets* ambition
And hate to me, that he will keep me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till *France* be wonn; he had rather it were loſt,
Than any one ſhou'd rule it but himſelf.
Laſt time I danc'd Attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.
War. That I can witneſs, and a blacker Treaſon
Was ne'r committed——
Suff. Peace, my Lord of *Warwick!*
Here's one ſhall ſilence you, and him you plead for.

Enter Armorer *and his Man* Peter.

York. How? Silence me?
Suff. Yes; here is a Man accuſed
Of Treaſon, that relates to you my Lord.
York. Does any one accuſe me for a Traytor?
King. What do you mean, my Lord? What Men are theſe?
Suff. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, this is the Man
That does Accuſe his Maſter of High Treaſon.
His words were theſe; That *Richard* Duke of *York*
Was the true lawful heir to the Crown of *England:*
And that your Majeſty was an Uſurper.
King. Say Man, Were theſe thy words?
Arm. An't pleaſe your Majeſty,
I never ſaid, nor thought any ſuch matter:
Heaven is my witneſs I am falſely accus'd.
Pet. By theſe ten bones, he ſpoke e'm to me one night, my Lord in the Garret, when we were ſcow'ring the Duke of *York*'s Armour.
York. Baſe Villain! I will have thee hang'd for this
Moſt Trayt'rous Speech.
I do beſeech your Majeſty,
Let him find all the rigour of the Law.
Ar. Hang me, my Lord, if ever I ſpoke theſe words;
My Accuſer is my Prentice, and I correcting him
For his Fault the other day, he Vow'd on's knees
He'd be reveng'd on me, I have good witneſs;
Therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, caſt not away
An Honeſt Man, for a Rogues Accuſation.
One that has been a Rogue, Sir, all his Life,
A moſt notorious Rogue, Sir, I beſeech you.

King.

King. Unckle, What ſhall we ſay to this in Law?
Glo. If I may Judge, Sir, let the Duke of *Somerſet*
Be Regent o'r the French, becauſe the Duke
Of *York* lies under violent ſuſpition.
And let theſe have a day appointed e'm
For ſingle Combate, 'cauſe the Armourer
Has Witneſs of his Servants Threats and Malice.
This is the Law, and this is, Sir, my Sentence.
King. Let it be ſo.
Som. I humbly thank your Majeſty.
Armo. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Pet. Alaſs! my Lord, I cannot fight! oh! pity me!
Oh Heaven have mercy on me! I ſhall never
Be able to ſtrike a blow! — oh! Lord! my heart! Why the
Devil muſt I fight? Is this my Reward for Witneſſing? I cannot fight.
Glo. Sirrah! you muſt fight, or be hang'd.
King. Away with e'm to Priſon! till the Combat.
Come, my Lord Duke, I will diſpatch you to *France.*
All go out but the Cardinal.
Card. I will not reſt till I've the Blood of *Gloceſter*:
He muſt be Lord Protector of the Kingdom,
And Lord it over me. He thinks he is
A better Man, 'cauſe he is a King's Son,
And I but Son of the Duke of *Lancaſter.*
He is the Son of *Henry* the Fourth,
And I of *Henry*'s Father *John* of *Gaunt.*
But at my making there it ſeems did want
Some Holy Ceremonies, for want of which
I'm that the Rude Ill-manar'd Law calls Baſtard.
And 'cauſe the Law has thruſt me from Succeſſion
To the great Temporal Glories of my Father,
They wrap'd me up in a Prieſt's Robe, and lay me
Out of the World; and in the way of Heaven.
They ſhou'd have dreſt poor *Henry* in this Child's Coat,
And laid him in the Cradle of the Church,
And hum'd him faſt aſleep with Holy Stories;
His little Soul was fitter for thoſe things.
Well, I will go to Heaven; but in my way
I at the Lord Protectorſhip will bayt,
Or I will lye abroad in ſtormes of Blood.
My Coſins themſelves Legitimate may call;
Their Souls compar'd with mine are Baſtards all. *Exit.*

Enter Elianor, Humes; *the Scene a Room in the Conjurer's Houſe.*

Elia. Where are your Inſtruments?
Humes. They are both ready,
Preparing their dire Charms and Exorciſms.
Elia. Call e'm.

Enter Bullingbrook *and the* Witch.

Humes. Come in; this, Madam, is *Roger Bullingbrook*,
A Man of wonderful and dreadful Art;
He has a Key to the Infernal deep,
And let's abroad what Spirit he will, and when:
And when he will he Chains him up again.
This Woman equals him in Power and Art,
Her Name is *Jordan.*
Elia. Come, begin your Charmes.
Bull. Dare you be preſent, Madam?
Elia. Dare the Devil
Come in my preſence? for I dare meet him.
Bull. Madam, you may, for Heaven fetters him,
And gives us Mortal Creatures Power to do ſo:
I gain'd my Art by Prayer, and profound Study;
Then nothing fear.
Elia. I ne'r knew what fear was.
Bull. Go, Mother *Jordan*, get the Incenſe ready. (*The Witch goes out.*
Elia. Well ſaid, my Maſters, come, begin, begin.
Bull. Pray Patience, Madam, for we know our times.
Our time is in the Deep, and Silent Night;
The time when Cities oft are ſet on fire;
When Robberies and Murders are committed;
When Bandogs Howle, and Shreich-Owles Warn the Dying;
When Spirits Walk, and Ghoſts break up their Graves;
Then Devils come abroad to meet their Friends,
And that's the time beſt fit's our preſent Work:
But, Madam, ſit, and fear not, whom we raiſe
We will make faſt within a hallowed Verge.

Enter the Witch *with a Pan of Coales.*

Bull. Fling Incenſe in, then grovel on the Earth.
The Witch *fling's ſomething on the Coales, and then the* Conjurer *immediately falls proſtrate, makes a Circle with his Wand, then takes a Book and Reades.*

Bull.

Bull. Thou mighty Spirit, one of the chief Powers
And Potentates in the Infernal Kingdom,
Whoſe Empire extends wide in Night and Chaos,
Whoſe Provinces are Peopled thick with damn'd;
By that Authority he gives me o'r thee,
Who hurl'd thee down into theſe doleful Regions,
I chargee thee to obey my dread Commands,
And at my calling to appear —— Appear! ——
Aſmath appear!
Bull. } *Aſmath* —— Appear! —— appear! ——
Witch. }

Thunder and Lightning, a Sprit *riſes.*

Spirit. I'm here! ——
Bull. I charge thee by th' eternal being,
Whoſe name and power thou ever trembleſt at:
To Anſwer that I Ask; for till thou ſpeak
Thou ſhalt not ſtir from hence.
Spirit. Ask what thou wilt ——
But prethee do not keep me with thee long.
Bull. Firſt of the King: What ſhall become of him?
Spirit. The Duke now lives, that *Henry* ſhall Depoſe;
But him out-live, and dye a violent Death.
Bull. Now ſay, What fate attends the Duke of *Suffolk?*
Spirit. By Water ſhall he meet his lateſt Breath.
Bull. What ſhall befall the Duke of *Somerſet?*
Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be on the Sandy Plains,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
H'a done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bull. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the Burning Lake.
Be gon! be gon! ——

The Spirit deſcends with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the Dukes of York *and* Buckingham *with a Guard, and ſeize e'm.*

Yo. Lay hands upon theſe Traytors, and their Traſh.
Elia. Ha!
Yo. Madam, yes, I think we have watch'd you narrowly;
The King and Kingdom are indebted to you
For this fine piece of Work: my Lord Protector,
Who, no doubt, ſet you a Work, will ſee you rewarded.
Elia. What mighty Miſchief have I done, my Lords?
Talked with a Devil? I every day converſe
With worſe then Devils with your ſelves, my Lords.
But I've it ſeems diſturb'd the Peace of Hell;
What, you have Intereſt there? and many Friends!

Forgive me, Lords, but yet you can disturb
The King and Kingdom's Peace; Is that no Crime?
Buck. You have commited, Madam, then no crime
It seems — away with those, and Guard e'm close;
Keep e'm asunder; see that all their Trinkets
Be forth-coming —— Madam, you must with us.
Guard lead out Elia. Witch *and* Conjurer.
Yo This was an excellent Plot, well chose t' build on.
Now pray my Lord let's see the Devil's Writ.
The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall Depose; (*Reads.*
But him outlive, and dye a violent death.
Buck. This is just *Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere posse.*
Yo. The Devil still keeps to his old trade of Quibling.
Buck. He is the Father of all Lyers and Quiblers.
Yo. Well to the rest.
What Fate attends the Duke of *Suffolk?* (*Reads.*
By Water shall he meet his latest breath.
What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset?*
Let him shun Castles:
Safer shall he be on Sandy Plains,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Fine stuff — The Devil I see is grown old and dull.
The King is now in Progress towards St. *Albans,*
With him the Husband of this lowly Lady.
Whether go all these Cloudy Oracles
Asfast as Horse can carry e'm ——
A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave my Lord of *York*
To be the Post.
Yo. My Lord, at your own pleasure.
Within there ho!

Enter a Servant.

Intreat my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*
To take a short Collation at my House
This Afternoon, away: My Lord your Servant —— *Ex.*

Enter the King, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, Suffolk, *as from Hawking. Attendants*, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick.

Qu. Believe me, Lords, for flying at the Brook
I ne'r had better sport in all my life.
Yet by your leave the Wind was very high.
King. But what a Point, my Lord, your Falcon made?
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.

Suff. My

Suff. My Lord Protector's Hawks towre like their Master,
Above their Fellows.
Glo. 'Tis an humble Mind
That mounts, my Lord, no higher than a Bird.
Card. I thought he soon wou'd be above the Clouds.
Gl. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Wou'd not your Grace be glad to mount towards Heaven?
K. The Treasury of Everlasting Joy.
Card. Your Heaven is on Earth, your eyes and thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the Treasure of your Heart,
Pernitious, haughty, treacherous Protector!
Who smooth it thus both with the King and Kingdom.
Gl. How, Cardinal!
Tantæve animis Cœlestibus iræ! Church-Men so hot?
Uncle, for shame let your Robe hide your Malice.
Suff. No Malice, my Lord, but Zeal, that which becomes
So good a Quarrel, with so bad a Lord.
Gl. As who?
Suff. Why, as your Self, my Lord Protector.
Gl. My Lord of *Suffolk*, *England* knows your Insolence.
Qu. And your Ambition, my Lord of *Glocester*.
K. How, Madam! You a Stirrer of Debate?
These are the pleasant Sounds that follow me
Where-e'er I go: I'm an Inchanted Isle,
Surrounded with Eternal raging Storms,
Whoe'er approaches me, hazards a Wreck:
These Winds and Waves beat on my Lord Protector,
Because he is a Rock that Guards my Coast.
Card. Good Heaven, what Arts has the Protector us'd
To charm you, Sir, that you can see all Loyalty
In him who means you hurt? and none in us,
Who shew our Loyal Zeal to guard you from him?
Were it but one of us that shewed this Zeal,
It might be thought an Envy to his Greatness,
And a design to get into his Office:
But since we all unite our Accusations,
We can have no design but Loyalty,
Since all of us cannot be Lord Protectors.
K. But all may hope, though only one can be so.
But come, my Lords, do not I know you all?
I mind you often, when you think I do not.
You think I'm fast asleep to all this World,
I wou'd be so, but you disturb my rest,
And break my slumbers with your furious Broils,
And make me mind you whether I will or no.
Alas, I pity you, you wrong your selves

Much more than me; and yet you trouble me,
Trouble my Counſels, trouble my Devotions,
Trouble my Sports; but, Sirs, I thank you for it,
For by theſe Tempeſts you ſtir up the Mud
That lodges in the bottom of this World,
And make all Pleaſures here a Puddle to me,
And make me long for the pure Joys above,
To do me good, though you deſign me none.
Qu. Here I am tir'd with everlaſting Preaching. (*Aſide.*
Card. The King and I ought to change Offices, (*Aſide.*
He is more fit to be a Prieſt than I,
And I'm more fit to be a King than he:
Thus Crowns and Mitres are at random thrown,
And very ſeldom light on Heads that fit 'em.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gl. What means this noiſe?
One. A Miracle! A Miracle!
Car. What Miracle? An Uſurer made charitable?
A Lawyer honeſt, or a Courtier faithful,
A Woman conſtant, or a Souldier godly?
Suff. Come to the King, and tell him, Friend, what Miracle.
One. Forſooth a Blind Man at St. *Albans* Shrine,
Within this half hour has receiv'd his ſight,
A Man that ne'er ſaw in his life before.
Suff. That's a ſtrange Miracle indeed, my Friend.
K. Th' Eternal Goodneſs, and Omnipotence,
Be prais'd, for all thy wondrous Works to Men;
He has not only given this poor man ſight,
But by this miracle given light to truth.
Card. I will be hang'd, if this be not ſome damn'd cheat (*Aſide.*
Plaid by the Fryars: I who wait at the Altar,
Know well what tricks are plaid behind the Altar,
Yet I muſt countenance it with a grave look,
But 'tis ſtrange truth that ſtands in need of lyes.
Well, Heaven be prais'd, Sir, for this miracle; (*To the K.*
Here come the Fryars and Townſmen on Proceſſion,
To preſent your Majeſty with the man.

Enter Abbot, Fryars, Mayor *of* St. Albans, *and his Brethren, bearing the Man in a Chair, his Wife with him.*

Gl. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him near the King,
It is his Majeſties pleaſure to talk with him.
K. Good Fellow, tell us all the circumſtances,

That

That all of us may glorifie Heaven for thee.
Wert thou born blind?
Simp. Born blind, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. I indeed was he forſooth.
Suff. What Woman's this?
Wife. His Wife, an't like your Worſhip.
Gl. If thou hadſt been his Mother, thou cou'dſt better
Have told.
Suff. What thinks your Majeſty of this? (*To the Qu.*
Qu. Some trick o' the Fryars to cheat the ſilly people: (*Aſide.*
They are all a pack o' Rogues.
Suff. Oh! damn'd Rogues all. (*Aſide.*
K. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At *Berwick*, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Suff. So far in the North, and come hither for Cure?
What, was there ne'er a Northern Saint to help thee?
No Saint in *Scotland?*
Simp. Not that I e'er heard of:
I never heard of any Saint in *Scotland*,
An't like your Worſhip.
Suff. Truly nor I neither.
Qu. There is a Saint in *Wales*, Saint *Winifrid*,
Many miles nearer *Berwick* than Saint *Albans*,
Why didſt not go to her? She's a good Saint,
And does abundance of good Offices.
Simp. She is ſo, an t pleaſe you forſooth Madam,
I've heard of her, but ſhe is ſo full of buſineſs,
Does ſo many Cures for Engliſh, Welſh, and Iriſh,
That I was loath to trouble the good Lady:
Beſides, I was afraid ſhe wou'd not be
At leiſure a great while to look to me,
And I did long to get a little ſight forſooth.
K. Poor Soul, Heaven's goodneſs has been great to thee,
Heaven has open'd a new gate of comforts to thee,
Shewed thee the richeſt brighteſt half of time,
Turn'd o'er the guilded leaves of Natures Book,
Where thou ſhalt read things thou cou'dſt ne'er imagine,
Coyn all this golden time in praiſe and prayer,
And thou ſhalt find too at this gate of ſight,
Armies of new temptations enter in,
Therefore ſtand more than ever upon thy Watch.
Card. How this tale ſinks into the King's ſoft Soul! (*Aſide.*
A Cannon cou'd not ſhoot it into mine;
Yet I muſt face this fable with my Scarlet,
To make it paſs for the Honour of the Church.
Upon ſuch Legs as theſe the poor Church halts,

Though

Though we conceive it's halting with our Robes.
Qu. Tell me, good Fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or out of pure Devotion to this Shrine?
Simp. Indeed forſooth out of moſt pure Devotion,
Being call'd I'm confident a hundred times,
And oftner in my ſleep by good Saint *Albans*.
Suff. How didſt thou know it was Saint *Albans* call'd thee?
Simp. He ſaid he was Saint *Albans*, if it pleaſe you.
Suff. He told thee in thy ſleep ſo?
Simp. Yes, an't pleaſe you.
Suff. What ſaid Saint *Albans*?
Simp. He ſaid, *Saunder*, an't pleaſe your Worſhip,
Come, offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee:
Come, *Saunder*, come.
Wife. Indeed 'tis true forſooth,
For many a time and oft my ſelf have heard
A voice to call him ſo.
Suff. What in thy ſleep?
Wife. No forſooth, waking, as I'm now forſooth.
Suff. Friend, thou wert much in good Saint *Albans* favour.
Simp. I truly, I am much beholding to him.
Card. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Yes, Heaven help me, Sir. *Suff.* How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Simp. By a fall from a Tree.
Wife. Yes, he fell down from a high Plum-tree, Maſter.
Gl. Wert thou born blind, and yet wouldſt climb a tree?
Simp. Never but once, and then my Wife deſired me
To get ſome Damſons for her, and I cou'd not
Deny her any thing, I lov'd her dearly, ſhe's a good Wife forſooth.
Card. Alas, good Couple.
Gl. This is a Rogue, and I'll diſcover him: (*Aſide.*
Let me ſee thine eyes:—— wink now; now open 'em:
In my opinion yet thou ſeeſt not well.
Simp. Yes, Maſter, clear as day, I thank St. *Albans*.
Gl. Sayſt thou me ſo? What colour is that Gown?
Simp. Red, Maſter, Red as Blood.
Gl. Why, that's well ſaid.
What colour is my Hat?
Simp. Black, Black forſooth, Coal-black as Jet forſooth.
K. Why, then thou know'ſt what colour Jet is of?
Suff. And yet he ne'er ſaw Jet in all his life.
Gl. But Gowns and Hats before this day good ſtore.
Wife. Never before this day in all his life.
Gl. What's my Name, Sirrah?
Simp. Maſter, I know not.
Gl. What is his Name?

Simp.

Simp. Indeed I know not, Maſter.
Glo. No?
Simp. No indeed.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No truly Maſter.
Glo What's thy own Name? Can'ſt thou tell that?
Simp. My Name is *Saunder Sympcox*, if it pleaſe you Maſter.
Glo. Then *Saunder Sympcox*, you are a Cheating Rogue.
If you had been born blind, you might as well
Have known our Names, as all the Names of Colours.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours, but not Name 'em.
St. *Albans* here, my Lords, has done a Miracle;
What if I do one, and reſtore this Cripple
To his Legs again?
Simp. Oh! Maſter! that you cou'd.
Suff. How came St. *Albans* did not cure thy Lameneſs
As well as Blindneſs?
Simp. Nay, I know not, Maſter.
Suff. Has he not Skill in Legs as well as eyes?
Simp. Yes, ſurely, Maſter, they are all one to him.
Suff. What he forgot e'm then?
Simp. I know not, Maſter;
If it had pleas'd him to have Cur'd my Legs,
I ſhou'd ha' been moſt mightily behold to him.
Glo. I'le eaſe him of that trouble, I will Cure thee.
Simpl. Ah, Maſter, that you cou'd.
Glo. I'le do't I ſay:
Have you no Beadles Mr. Mayor? and things call'd Whips?
Mayor. Here is the Beadle, pleaſe your Grace.
Glo. I ſee a Stool there, bring it hither quickly.
Now, Sirrah, if you mean to ſave your ſelf
From Whipping, leap o'r this Stool and run away.
Simp. Alaſs! Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone;
You go about to Torture me in vain.
Glo. Well, Sirrah, I muſt have you find your Legs:
Whip him till he leap o'r that ſame Stool.
Simp. Maſter, What ſhall I do? I cannot ſtand.
Glo. Leap Sirrah! Leap!
Simp. Oh! oh!——
Beadle *Whips him, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away, and they cry a Miracle, follow.*
King. Do'ſt thou behold thir Heaven? and bear thus long?
Glo. Bring back the Rogue, and take this Drabbe away.
Wife. Alaſs! we did it for pure need, forſooth.
Glo. Let e'm be Whipt through every Market Town,
Till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

Car. Hark you, Are not you a Company of Damn'd Fools
To employ such a Silly Rogue as this? (*Softly to a Fryer.*
That has shewn all your Cheats to the whole World?
Fry. My Lord, they were known to all Wise Men before,
And such a Fool will serve to Couzen Fools:
And Fools are those that we must hope to stand by. (*Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings brings my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buc. Such as my heart does tremble to relate:
My Lord Protector's Wife has practis'd horridly,
And dangerously against your Majesties Life ——
H'as dealt with Hellish Conjurers and Witches
To raise up wicked Spirits from under Ground
To acquaint her with your destiny, and Councel her
How she may ayd your Fate, and hasten it.
She's enquir'd too of the Infernal Oracle
The Fates of several of your Majesties Council;
We apprehended e'm all in the Fact.
Car. Ha! Is she fallen into our Trap? that's well! — (*Aside.*
And she shall soon pluck her Duke *Humphrey* after.
My Lord Protector, your good Lady finding
She governs you, thinks she can rule the Devil,
And have th'infernal Powers at her Command.
Heaven be Prais'd, *England*'s Protected well.
Your Grace is Lord Protector of the Kingdom,
Your Wife rules you, the Devil is her Protector,
And so the Devil is *England*'s Lord Protector;
I hope we shall displace his Devilship.
Glo. And put a worse Devil in if you succeed.
But these good Churchmen are the heavenly comforts
You give your Kinsman in affliction.
You may insult, for sorrow has so vanquisht me,
The basest Groom may trample on me now.
King. What horrid things are practis'd in this World?
How vile ones heap confusion on their heads?
Q. My Lord, my Lord, you see your nest is tainted;
Look that your self be faultless you had best.
Glo. Madam, I will not answer for a Woman:
For my own self, to heaven I appeal,
Who knowes how I have lov'd my King and Country.
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honor and Vertue, I will forget her.

And

And baniſh her my Bed, and my Acquaintance;
And give her up to the juſt puniſhment
Which ſhe deſerves for ſo much wickedneſs,
And ſo diſhonouring my honeſt Name.
King. I will to *London* with what haſte I can,
To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
And call theſe foul offenders to their Anſwers.
(*Ex. Om. præ.* Suff. *and the* Qu.
Qu. My dear, dear *Suffolk*, how thou every moment
Heap'ſt new delights on me? when thou didſt get for me
The *Engliſh* Crown, thou didſt not pleaſe me more,
Then now in getting me revenge on *Elianor*.
Treading on her, methinks I walk in Triumph
To a ſecond and more pleaſing Coronation.
Suff. I told you, Madam, I had ſnares for her.
You were impatient and cou'd not ſtay
Till things cou'd ripen.
Qu. Oh! thou art my Sun:
My joyes and glories ripen, grow and flouriſh
Under thy beautiful and glorious beams.
Come lets go ſee Dame *Elianor* in her ſhame,
The pleaſing'ſt ſight in the whole World, next thee.
Suff. Next ſight I'le ſhew you, ſhall be *Gloſter*'s fall;
The good fond Husband will be loth to ſtay
Behind his Wife, though ſhe goes to deſtruction.
Qu. Sure thou wert made o' purpoſe for my Love;
Had heaven bid me ask for ſome great Merit,
A Gift that might have ſhewed bounty divine,
I wou'd have ſaid, Let *Suffolk* heaven be mine.—— (*Ex.*

ACT III.

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

The SCENE the Duke of *York*'s Houſe, long Scrowles lying on a Table.

York. NOw my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
You have perus'd my Title to the Crown,
I pray deliver me both your opinions.
War. My Lord, 'tis very plain, the Right is yours;
King *Henry* claimes the Crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,

Fourth Son of *Edward* the Third; Your Grace claims it
From *Lyonell* Duke of *Clarence* the Third Son:
Till *Lyonell*'s Iſſue fails, his ſhou'd not Reign.
It failes not yet, but flouriſhes in you,
And in your Sons, fair Branches of your Stock.
My Lord of *Salisbury* kneel we together,
And in this private Room be we the firſt
That ſhall Salute our Lawful Soveraign,
With the honor of his Birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sovereign, *Richard* King of *England*.

York. My Lords, I give you both my hearty thanks;
But I am not your King till I be Crown'd,
And my Sword ſtayn'd in the heart blood of all
The Houſe of *Lancaſter*; and that's not ſuddenly,
Nor very eaſily to be perform'd:
We muſt uſe Counſel, Secreſy, and Courage:
Do you as I do in theſe dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s Inſolence;
At *Beauford*'s Pride; at *Somerſet*'s Ambition;
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of e'm,
Till they have ſnar'd the good and wiſe Duke *Humphry*,
Whoſe Vertues are ſo many Guardian Angels
Both to the King and Kingdom; his deſtruction
Theſe ill Men ſeek, and they in ſeeking that
Shall find their own, if I can Propheſie.

Sal. My Lord, let us break off, we know your Mind.

War. There's ſomething great within my breaſt that tells me,
The Day is coming, when the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall make the Duke of *York* the King of *England*.

Yo. And I ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt Man in *England* but the King —— *Exit.*

The SCENE the Court.

Enter King *and* Queen, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Cloceſter, Cardinal, Elianor *a Priſoner.*

King. Madam, ſtand forth, and hear your Sentence from me:
In ſight of heaven and me your guilt is great;
A Crime, to which heavens Book adjudges Death:
Your Fellow Criminals ſhall ſuffer Death;
And 'tis notorious falſe reaſoning
You ſhou'd be ſpar'd, becauſe you are great and Noble;
The World is us'd to ſuch falſe Reaſonings,
And that's the cauſe there is ſo little Truth in it.

But

But I obſerve but few of the World's Cuſtoms,
Nor will I now be lead away in this.
Then hear my Sentence; ſince to your great Spirit
There is no pain like ſhame; I Sentence you
To bear the tort'ring ſhame of open Pennance:
And ſince to live depos'd of all your Honors
In ſome remote ſad deſolate obſcurity,
Is to you pain like burying alive,
I Sentence you to ſpend your days in Baniſhment
With Sir *John Stanley* in the Iſle of *Man*.

Elia. Welcome my Baniſhment; for I am ſure
My doleful days will not be many there.

Glo. Oh Wife! What haſt thou brought upon thy ſelf?
Did not I timely warn thee of Ambition;
And ſay, one day 'twou'd do ſome diſmal deed?
The King has paſt a righteous Sentence on thee;
And none have reaſon to complain but I,
Who innocently ſuffer in thy ſhame:
My honor ſhares in all thy ſad reproach,
And my love ſuffers in thy Baniſhment,
That I am puniſh'd equally with thee,
Though I am innocent; and yet the King
Does me no wrong at all: no *Elianor*,
I've reaſon to complain of none but thee,
Who woud'ſt not take the Counſels that I gave thee,
Out of dear Love to thee.

Elia. I ſee my folly.

Glo. Now haſt thou brought diſhonor on my age,
And ſhame and grief will ſink me to my Grave.

Qu. My Lord, my Lord, you can be ſenſible
Of your Wive's ſhame; but not of the diſhonor
The King and I both ſuffer'd by her Inſolence.
You weep, 'cauſe ſhe muſt ſuffer an hou's Pennance;
But ſhe has made me ſuffer horrid Pennance
E'er ſince I was her Queen, both to my own,
And the King's ſhame and grief, that you ne'r wept for.
She muſt walk barefoot now upon the ſtones:
Time was, ſhe trod on me, I was her way;
Which I endur'd to the King's ſhame and mine:
And you for that had very ſmall regret.

Gl. Madam, if for her Crimes, her too great Crimes,
The puniſhment the King has doom'd her to
Be not enough, pray Sentence her to more:
But let her know an end of puniſhment.
But if the Scale be full enough already,

As the juſt King, who poiz'd it well, conceives;
Do not be heaping till it grows injuſtice.
Qu. My Lord, ſhe deſerves more then ſhe ſhall ſuffer;
Only for the intolerable rudeneſs
Wherewith ſhe treated me her Queen to day;
To call me to my Face a Beggars Daughter?
Suppoſe I were that miſerable Beggar,
Is it well done to tread on Poverty?
But when by Birth heaven made me a great Princeſs,
And the King's Love made me a great Queen, her Queen;
For her to treat me ſo? Was that well done?
Suff. Yes, Madam, 'twas well done for his Deſigns
Of making her your Queen, your Majeſty her ſubject:
That they had ſuch Deſigns, her preſent Crimes
Are a ſufficient proofe; and they did well
To bring you to ſubjection by degrees.
Car. All the reflection I ſhall make is this;
He who was Govern'd by ſo ill a Woman,
Is very unfit to be the Kingdoms Governor;
She was his Counſellor, the Devil hers;
Conjecture then what his Deſigns muſt be.
Glo. Lord Cardinal, I am ſure of your good Word;
I ſee what all of you thirſt for, my ruine.
I had long ſince remov'd out of your way,
If duty to my King had not detain'd me:
I was afraid to truſt him in your hands,
But I perceive my ſtay occaſions him
Perpetual trouble; and the heavenly power
Has an eſpecial eye to Sacred Kings.
To his Protection then I'le leave the King,
If the King will permit me, and retire
To bear the heavy burden of my griefs.
Qu. Pray do, my Lord, we'l take you at your word.
I ſee no reaſon, why a King of years
Shou'd be Protected like a little Child:
Reſign your Staffe, and give the King his Kingdom,
The King by heaven's help may Govern it.
King. Do, do my Lord, ſince they'l all have it ſo,
I ſhall not want a Counſel, or Protection,
For heaven is my hope, my ſtay, my guide.
And go in peace, leſs powerful, leſs great;
No leſs belov'd, by me, and all good Men.

Enter

Enter York.

Glo. Then here, moſt Sacred Sovereign, is my Staffe;
As willingly do I reſign it to you,
As e're your glorious Father made it mine.
As willingly I lay it at your feet,
As others wou'd ambitiouſly receive it,
Farewell, good King, may you, when I am dead,
Never have cauſe to ſhed one tear for me.
When is your Royal Pleaſure that my Wife
Shall do her Pennance?

King. Now, immediately.

Glo. Come, *Elianor*, let us ſupport our Sorrows;
Sorrow is natural to this Vale of Tears.
My fall will rather p'eaſure to me bring,
If it ſhall cauſe no ſorrow to the King.

(*Exit* Gloceſter, Elianor *with a Guard.*

King Oh Lords, you have made me part with a good Man!
I wiſh I may never have need of him.

York. How? Has the Duke reſign'd the Government?

Qu. Yes; *Henry* now is King; and I am Queen;
And *Humphry* Duke of *Gloceſter* ſcarce himſelf:
Two of his ſtately Branches are lopt from him;
His Wife is Baniſh'd, and his Staffe reſign'd,
And he will ſhortly wither with the Mayme.

Yo. As I wou'd wiſh: How have theſe haughty Lords (*aſide.*
Moſt ſubtilly wrought their own deſtruction?
For now the King lies open to my Sword;
But they ſhall periſh with him for their Villanies.

A Shout: *Enter* Buckingham.

King. Now! What's the News?

Buck. May it pleaſe your Majeſty,
The Combate 'tween the *Armourer* and his *Man*,
The Appellant, and Defendant has been fought,
According as your Majeſty appointed:
Truth has prevail'd; the Guilty *Armourer*,
Worſted by his Servant, has confeſt the Treaſon.

King. Where is the Fellow?

Buc. They are both without.
Come in——

Enter

Enter Armorer *and his* Man *with a Guard.*

King. What, Fellow, did you ſpeak the words?
Arm. Yes, pleaſe your Majeſty.
King. Yet you deny'd 'em.
Ar. I was unwilling to be hang'd an't pleaſe you.
King. But not unwilling to deſtroy thy Soul,
By ſpilling of an innocent Fellows blood,
As thou haſt done, if right had not prevail'd.
Buck. Sir, it was right indeed that did prevail;
I never ſaw poor Fellow ſo afraid,
As the *Armorer*'s Servant was in all my life,
And yet he beate his Maſter by his Innocence.
Arm. It was my Conſcience beate me, and not he;
If my own Conſcience had not fought againſt me,
I cou'd have beaten twenty ſuch as he.
Pet. I do not know that, for though I was afraid
E're I came to it, now I know what it is,
I do not care if I have t'other bout.
King. There's miſchief in this Buſineſs, I diſcern it; (*Aſide.*
The Common People have been tamper'd with,
To try how they will like a change of Princes;
And to make way for it, my right is queſtion'd,
And my good Lord Protector ſent away from me.
Oh! heaven, if I be uſeful to my People,
Preſerve me, for their ſakes, from wicked Men;
If I be not, extend thy Providence
To them, and let what will become of me.
—— Go lead that Traytor to the Death he merits,
Thou honeſt man, whoſe truth and innocence
Heaven has reveal'd, by me ſhall be rewarded.
Exit Omnes præ. Suffolk *and the* Queen.
Qu. Now it goes excellently well indeed!
This haughty Woman tumbled in the dirt,
So far beneath my feet I cannot tread upon her.
Duke *Humphrey*'s charming Rod broken in pieces;
Wherewith he kept, as in a Conjurers Circle,
The King and Kingdom both out of our reach.
Suff. Did not I promiſe you there ſhou'd be nothing
In *England*, Madam, that your Soul cou'd wiſh for
I'd not make yours?
Qu. And thou haſt kept thy Word.
Suff. I think I promis'd you, that wonderful,
That raviſhing moment, when I firſt beheld you,
When Fortune prodigally propitious to me,

With

With Lawrels crown'd my Sword, my Arms with Beauty.
Flung Captive in my Arms ſuch wondrous Beauty,
That when I ſaw it, I cry'd out amaz'd,
Our thundring Canons ſure, has tore the Heavens,
And through the Chryſtal breach, an Angel's dropt.
Qu. And I, when firſt I ſaw brave *Suffolk* ſhining
In Armour Victory, but moſt of all
In his own Charms! Oh! ſaid I to my ſelf,
I'le wonder now no more the Engliſh Conquerors,
They are Angels all, or Angels fight for 'em.
Suff. I moſt unworthy to ſupport ſo bright
A Heaven of Beauty, did retire to gaze,
Whilſt all my Soul came crowding to my eyes,
And thruſted till it almoſt crackt the Windows;
Then like a laden Thief, that ſtole more Wealth
Than he cou'd ſpend in all his Life, runs back
And lock't it up ſecure in every Room.
Qu. In vain is this rich guilding of that hour,
Which only was the portal of our Loves.
Since we are enter'd, and poſſeſs the Palace,
How I then wonder'd, and how ſince I lov'd,
Let all the Gardens, Groves, and happy Rooms,
That have been aiding to our Pleaſures, tell.
So full of Life and Soul our Joys have been,
We have almoſt ſcatter'd Life to all things round us.
A thouſand times I've thought the wanton Pictures,
Have ſtriven to leap out of their Golden Frames
That held 'em Captive, and come ſhare with us.
A thouſand times, methought, I've ſeen their Mouths
Striving to break the painted ſhadows Bonds,
That held 'em bound in everlaſting ſilence,
And burſt into a Laughter, and a Rapture.
Suff. I never minded Pictures, when a Subſtance
Of ſo much Beauty lay in my embraces;
Nor *Venus*'s Picture, no nor *Venus*'s ſelf,
Cou'd have extracted a regard from me.
Qu. How often has our Love in Groves and Gardens
Fill'd every Creature near us with ſuch Spirit,
That they have danc'd to Death as they were ſtung;
The Birds have chirp'd their little ſouls away,
The Turtles bill'd till they have no breath;
The Winds have ſported wantonly around us,
Till they have ſwoun'd away into a Calm.
Suff. Yet all this Love and Beauty which cou'd make
The ſapleſs trunk of a dead Tree to bud,
Can put no warmth into the frozen King.

Qu. Oh! to my Arms! He comes like depth of Winter,
With Cheeks all moist with Penitential Tears,
And Lips so cold, each kiss gives me an Ague.
Suff. Alas! How shou'd you expect them otherwise?
He comes from kissing Brazen Images,
And Bones, and Sculs of Saints, that were more cold
When they were living, than you'l be when dead.
Qu. Well, next to Love, Revenge has sweetest taste,
Let us go take some private stand, and see
Dame *Elianor* in her ridiculous Pomp
Walking the Streets, in her White Garment barefoot,
Holding a burning Torch to light her shame;
A gaping Crowd, and throng of hooting Boys.
Following her Train, and the Belconies fill'd
With laughing Ladies, whom she onc'd contemn'd. (*A shout.*
Heark! they are coming, let's not loose the Pleasure. *Exit.*

The SCENE a Street.

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.*

Gl. Oh! What a Change is here in my condition?
Fallen from the highest Pinacle of Glory,
Down to the lowest depth of Shame and Ruine.
From being Ruler of the King and Kingdom,
To be the Scorn and Sport of common Fellows.
Oh! *Elianor!* I've wrong'd my self and thee
By doting on thee, beyond bounds of Reason.
Thy Errors did appear to me all Excellencies.
But thou poor *Nell*, hast punishment enough,
I'le not heap more on thee by my Complaints.
Alas! how will thy tender Feet endure
To kiss the rugged face of cutting Flints?
How hardly will thy noble Spirit brook
The abject People gazing on thy Face,
With scornful looks deriding thy Disgrace,
Who lately followed thy proud shining Chariot,
And did not care what dirt the Wheels flung on 'em,
Might they be blest out with a look from thee. (*A shout.*
But soft! I think she come's! and I'le prepare
My Tear-stain'd Eyes, to see her Miseries.
Serv. So, please your Grace, we'll force her from the Sheriff.
Gl. No, stir not for your lives, she shall submit
To what the King was pleas'd t' inflict upon her.

Enter

Enter the Ducheſs *in a White Sheet, a Taper burning in her Hand,* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

El. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Can you endure it? If you have no ſenſe
Of my great Sufferings, pity your ſelf,
For you in ſeeing my ſhame do Penance with me.
See how the gaping Multitude all point
And nod their Heads, and throw their Eyes on you.
Ah! my Lord! hide you from their odious looks,
And ſhut up in your Cloſet, mourn my ſhame,
And curſe mine Enemies, both mine and yours.
Gl. Be patient gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.
El. Firſt teach me to forget my ſelf and you;
For whilſt I think I am your Wife, and you
A Prince, and Lord Protector of the Kingdom,
Methinks this ſhou'd not be my Garb, and Pomp,
I ſhou'd not thus be lead along the Streets
Wrapt up in ſhame, with Papers on my Back,
And followed by a Rabble, that rejoyce
To ſee my Tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd Groans.
The pitileſs Flints gaſh deep my tender Feet,
And when I ſtart, the envious People laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Gl. What if they do, my Love? What matter is it?
They do but ſhew their low degenerate natures.
Wert thou condemn'd into a Wilderneſs,
Would'ſt thou expect to have the Tygers court thee,
The Lions flatter thee, wild Beaſts adore thee;
Theſe Crowds are little better, little gentler.
El. Oh! I cannot endure this heavy ſhame,
My Soul boyls under it, and my Heart breaks.
I never will behold the Sun again;
Nor face of Humane Creature! Dark obſcurity,
Where never eye of Man, nor voice of Fear
Can penetrate, ſhall cover me for ever,
Out of the ſight and memory of the World,
And bury all the World too out of mind.
Nay, if Love will not be too hard for me,
I will not let thee come into my mind.
For, oh! what deadly ſorrow will it breed,
To think I am the Duke of *Gloceſter*'s Wife.
And he a Prince and Governour of *England*:
Yet ſo he Rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt his forlorn Ducheſs

Was made a Wonder and a Pointing-ſtock
To every idle raſcal follower.
Gl. What wou'dſt thou have me do?
El. Nay, nothing, nothing,
Be mild, and tame, and bluſh not at my ſhame.
Be ſtirr'd at nothing, 'till the Ax of Death
Fall on thy ſelf, as ſhortly ſure it will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With that vile Woman, who abhors us all;
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Have all laid Snares, which thou ſhalt never ſcape.
But fear not thou, until thy Foot be ſnar'd,
Nor ever ſeek prevention of thy Enemies,
Till thou art fallen lower than I am now.
Gl. Ah! *Nell*, forbear, for now thou aim'ſt awry,
I muſt offend before I can be hurt;
And had I twenty times ſo many Enemies,
And each of e'm had twenty times their power,
Not all of e'm cou'd work me any damage
So long as I am Loyal, True, and Faultleſs:
But thou wou'd'ſt have me reſcue thee from ſhame;
I cannot do it, from theſe Officers
If I ſhou'd force thee, I can ne're redeem thee
From th' everlaſting Scandal that will follow thee.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, then ſweet *Nell*;
I pray thee ſort thy heart with patience.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſties Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next Month.
Gl. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there. (*Ex. Herald.*
El. Lo you my Lord! What think you now?
Gl. I think
My Love as thou doſt, Miſchief is deſign'd me.
But if my Innocence will not protect me,
Guilt ſhall not do it; I will keep my Loyalty
Whilſt I can keep my Life.
El. Oh! that I fear
Will not be long.
Gl. Well, Heaven's will be done.
Love, I muſt take my leave; and Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the King's Commiſſion.
Sher. An't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtay's:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Iſle of *Man*. *Stanly.*

Stanly. So am I given in charge, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Gl. Pray uſe her well, the World may ſmile again,
And I may live to return any Kindneſs
You do to her; and ſo dear Love farewel.
El. Oh! ſtay! and do not make our farewel ſhort,
For this is the laſt time I e're ſhall ſee thee.
Gl. Do not ſay ſo, my Love.
El. I know it is.
Thy Enemies are powerful, and many,
And thy own Innocence will betray thee to e'm.
Gl. I hope not ſo, I doubt not but to ſcape
From all their Snares; and if I do, I'le come
And find thee out in thy poor barren Iſland,
There we'l be all the World to one another.
In that moſt deſolate mournful abode
We will be happier, then e're we were
In the high ſtately building of our Greatneſs,
Whoſe walls were Vanity, foundations Rottenneſs.
Oh! I can ſpeak no more to thee for Tears.
Once more farewel. ——*Exit.*
El. All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me, my Joy is death,
Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afraid,
Becauſe I wiſh't this World's eternity;
But now I wiſh the World were at an end.
Stanly, I prethy go, and take me hence,
I care not whether, for I beg no favour.
I care not what becomes of wretched me,
My Honour is for ever ſunk in ſhame,
And my Lord loſt among his Enemies;
For I am ſure they'l murder him amongſt e'm,
And I ſhall never never ſee him more.
Prethee conveigh me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Iſle of *Man*,
There to be us'd according to your State.
El. According to my State? How's that? Reproachfully?
For now my State is vileſt Infamy.
Stan. Like to a Ducheſs, and Duke *Humphry*'s Lady,
According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.
El. Sheriff, farewel, I wiſh no harm to thee,
Though thou haſt been conductor of my ſhame.
Sher. It is my Office, Madam pardon me.
El. I, I, farewel, thy Office is diſcharg'd.
Come, *Stanly*, let us go.
Stan. Your Penance done;
Now, Madam, if you pleaſe, throw off your ſheet:

El. My

El. My ſhame will not be thrown off with my ſheet.
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes.
All Sin will meet diſhonour, firſt or laſt,
I hope my Crown's to come, and my ſhame paſt. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham.

King. I Admire my Lord of *Gloceſter* is not come,
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt Man,
What e're occaſion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Do you not ſee his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majeſty he bears himſelf?
How proud, how peremptory, how unlike himſelf?
We know the time when he was mi'd and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd his great humility.
But now he frowns, and paſſes ſtifly by,
Scorning to ſhew us any regard at all.
Suff. Madam, moſt true, Has not the King obſerv'd
This carriage in him?
Qu. He will ſee no ill in him.
Come, Sir, he is a Man exceeding dangerous,
He is no inconſiderable Perſon.
Firſt, he is next the Crown, if you ſhou'd fall
He is the next that Mounts; that 'tis ill policy
To truſt him with your Royal Perſon and Councels,
Whoſe rancorous mind is now prepar'd for miſchief,
And whoſe advantage is the King's deſtruction,
Who elſe will gain by it? We ſhall be ſad looſers;
But he will compaſs all his heart can wiſh,
Your Kingdoms, and revenge upon his Enemies.
Card. The two great Idols of a proud mans heart.
Suff. Oh! his Soul ſwell's with rancour as 'twere poyſon'd,
He foams with Gall, and his Eyes flaſh with fury.
I ſaw him th' other day paſs by the King,
And Queen, as they were walking in the Garden.
He meaſur'd oft the King from Head to Foot
With a diſdainful eye, as who ſhou'd ſay,
Henry, Thou art too little for thy Throne,
Then wou'd he caſt a down-look on the King,

And

And preſs him with his eye to the Earth, and look on him
As if he lay under his Feet already,
Nay, under th' Earth; and then he ſtampt, and pointed
Towards *Paul*'s, where his Wife lately did Penance,
As who ſhou'd ſay, Oh! *Henry*, very ſhortly
My Wife ſhall tread on thy cold Monument
With as much pride, as thou haſt made her tread
With her bare feet, yon cutting Flints with ſhame.
In ſhort, all his demeanour is of late
So raging, haughty, frantique and intolerable,
That I believe the Devil which his Wife
Conjur'd from Hell, is gotten into his Breaſt.

Card. He was a great frequenter of the Chappel,
No Man ſo conſtant, no Man ſo devout,
The loweſt bower to the Altar there,
The higheſt lifter up of eyes to Heaven,
The humbleſt kneeler on the Marble Floor.
But now, as if he had gain'd all the Heaven,
He aim'd at by devotion, the Kingdom;
His Knees no more lick up the Chappel Duſt
To blind the People's eyes, they are blind enough
He takes no more the Chappel in his way,
He thinks he is at his journeys end, the Throne.

Qu. That's the next thing, Sir, makes him dangerous:
He has, by his Hypocriſie and Flattery,
So gull'd the credulous Commons of their hearts,
They'l venture Hanging at any time to Crown him,
And think it Martyrdom to die for him.

King. Theſe things are very bad, if they be true.

Suff. True, Sir? His Wive's crime prove e'm; what do you think
Did inſtigate that *Bedlam* brainſick Woman
To her foul fault. but his foul ſubornation?
Or if he were not privy to her wickedneſs,
At leaſt high vaunts of his Succeſſion.
And letting fall ſome words to pleaſe her pride,
To ſhew what high deſigns he had near Birth,
Made the proud frantique Woman run immediately
To fetch a curſed Midwife out of Hell.

King. Indeed, that was a very wicked Fact.

Suff. Oh! Sir, the Duke of *Gloceſter* is a Man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Card. Sir, he appears to you to be a Man
Of great Humanity, Mildneſs, and Gentleneſs,
There's not a greater Tyrant upon Earth.
If any ſmall Offences had at any time
Tript up the heels of any of his Enemies,

And thrown e'm in his power, he tortur'd e'm
Beyond all bounds either of Law or Manhood.
He has torn their Bodies so by horrid Deaths,
As if to put affronts upon that peaceful
Christianity which forbids all Revenge,
He'd put a cheat upon the Resurrection,
And tear that Article out of our Creed.
King. Can this be true? How chance I never heard of it?
Card. Who ever durst acquaint you this before?
Suff. Who ever had your Ear but he till now?
King. The meanest poorest Subject in my Kingdom
Had it, and shall, as much as he or any Man.
Card. Ay! you like Heaven, Sir, gave access to all,
But he was that eternal Persecution,
All suffer'd that devoutly wou'd approach you.
King. If this this be true, what a vile thing is Man?
Yo. Sir, his insatiable Avarice
Makes two great Crowns sit loosely on your Head.
He squeez'd the *English* Purses till Blood followed,
Upon pretence to pay your Troops in *France*,
So almost tore this Kingdom from its Loyalty,
Then by not sending any of that Money;
He starv'd your Troops, and almost lost you *France*.
Buck. Oh! there are horrid Crimes lie hid in smooth
Duke *Humphrey*, which the time will bring to light.
King. My Lords, you seem to take great care of me
If it be real, it deserves great praise;
But shall I speak my Conscience freely to you?
No Man, I'me sure, no Monarch shou'd dissemble,
I do not, cannot think the Duke of *Glocester*
That horrid thing you represent him to me.
Card. Then what are we, Sir?
King. My Lord Cardinal,
I'le tell you what my Father said you were,
His Reason was as piercing as his Sword;
And he from depth of Knowledg, not from Prophesie,
Said, That if e're you were a Cardinal.
You'd make your Cap vye with your Prince's Crown.
As for these Lords, I wo'ld entreat of them
To think that I have Eyes as well as they.
If my Lord Duke of *Glocester* had such Sores
Break out of him as these, I shou'd ha' seen e'm
Some time or other, sure, as well as they.
If he had plaid such Proteus tricks as these,
Some time or other, sure, I shou'd have catch'd him.
But if he be the Monster they have painted him,

Then

Then what a horrid villanous thing is Man?
Who wou'd not rather live with Wolves than Men?
For a Wolf ſhews his nature, but a Man
Appears a Lamb, when he is moſt a Wolf.
If ſo, then I muſt fly from all of you;
For now when you ſeem Lambs, you may be Tygers.
Qu. Sir, on my knees I humbly fall before you. (*Kneels.*)
And beg with Tears, do not give up your ſelf
And all of us to Death by incredulity.
I am a poor weak Woman, and a Stranger,
And of a Nation for whom your Subjects
By Nature, have an inbred ſcorn and hate,
Which great ſucceſſes, greatly have improv'd.
And, Sir, my baniſh't Enemy the Ducheſs,
Will in the Rocks of her poor barren Iſland,
Sit brooding Vengeance, and when you are dead,
The Eagles ſhe has hatcht ſhall tear my Soul out,
And who in *England* can or will protect me?
Suff. And all of us are in the ſame condition. *All kneel.*
Qu. Then if you think theſe Lords, Sir, have no Loyalty,
Nor I the conſort of your Youth no love,
Yet think we have ſome kindneſs for our ſelves,
And in your preſervation ſeek our own.
King. Riſe my dear Love; riſe all of you my Lords;
If I have injur'd you by my ſuſpitions,
I pray forgive me, you perhaps have ſeen
More in the Duke of *Glocester*, than I have.
I muſt confeſs I'me of a temper fram'd
Wakeful to holy thinks, drowzy to earthly;
I'me as unfit for Earth, as ſome for Heaven.
Yet knowing I'me the Shepherd of my Flock,
I rouſe my ſelf to attend upon my Duty,
But oft I charm my ſelf aſleep again
With the Cæleſtial Muſick of Religion,
And then a Wolf may ſteal upon my ſleep
And I not ſee him, which perhaps you may.
That, Sirs, I thank you all for your kind care.
Card. Sir, we have faithfully diſcharg'd our Conſciences.
King. You have done well, I thank you all; but pray
Give me good proofs of what you have alledged.
'Tis not enough to ſay, in ſuch a Buſh
There lies a Thief, in ſuch a Cave a Beaſt,
But you muſt ſhew him to me e're I ſhoot,
Elſe I may kill one of my ſtragling Sheep,
I'me fond of no mans Perſon but his Vertue.
Prove that the Duke and Loyalty are ſtrangers.

And he and I will be as far asunder
As Life and Death, the Grave shall be betwixt us.
Suff. Oh! Sir, we shall not want sufficient proofs.

Enter the Duke *of* Glocester, *they all start as soon as he comes in.*

Card. See! see! the Duke is here.
King. Ha! they all start
At the first sight of him, I like not that.— (*Aside.*)
Gl. All happiness attend my Lord the King.
Pardon, Royal Sir, that I have stayed so long.
Suff. My Lord of *Glocester*, you are come too soon,
Unless you were more Loyal than you are.
My Lord, I here Arrest you of high Treason.
Gl. My Lord of *Suffolk*, you shall not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance at this Arrest.
King. As they to see him did; he twits e'm well.— (*Aside.*
Gl. Innocence is not very easily daunted.
Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?
Yo. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took Bribes from *France*,
And being Protector, staid the Souldiers Pay,
By means whereof all *France* is almost lost.
Gl. Is it but thought so? What are they that think so?
King. Ha! Is it come but to a thought already? (*Aside.*)
Gl. I never rob'd the Souldiers of their Pay.
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from *France*.
But I have rob'd my self both day and night
Of all my rest, to study good for *England*.
The Farthing that e're I wrested from the King,
Or hoarded up for my own private use,
I wish may canker all, I can call mine;
But I have wrested from my own Revenues
Many a Pound, and given among the Garrisons,
Because I wou'd not Tax the needy Commons,
And never ask'd for Restitution.
Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Gl. I say no more than truth, so help me Heaven.
Yo. In your Protectorship, you did invent
Strange and unheard of Tortures for Offenders,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.
Gl. It is well known, Pity was all my fault;
For I shou'd melt at an Offenders tears,
And humble words were Ransom oft for Faults.
I never gave condign Punishment,
Unless the Offender were a bloody Murtherer,
Or ravenous Thief, that fleec'd poor Passengers.

Suff.

Suff. My Lord, these Faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes shall be laid to your Charge,
From which you cannot easily purge your self.
I then Arrest you in his Majestie's Name,
And here Commit you to my Lord Cardinal,
To keep you safely till your time of Trial.

King. So, they scarce know what to accuse him of (*Aside.*)
And yet Arrest him, now I find e'm out.
My Lord of *Glocester*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear your self from all Suspition;
My Conscience tells me you are Innocent.

Gl. Ah! Gracious Prince, these Days are dangerous:
Vertue ne're saw good Times, but one wou'd think
If ever it shou'd find e'm 'twou'd be now,
Under the Reign of such a Saintlike King.
But now the Devil rages more than ever,
'Cause from the Angel-vertues of the King,
He almost fears the downfal of his Kingdom.
Under the Reigns of wicked Kings he sleeps,
Because he knows they do his Business for him;
But now he let's out all his fiercest Fiends,
And bids them do his worst, or all is lost.
Rancour, Ambition, and foul Subornation,
Are all at work to take away my Life,
The Devil will not be content without it.
If I by Death cou'd serve my King and Country,
I'de freelier give my Life, than these Lords take it.

King. My Lord, my Lord I do believe you.

Gl. Sir, I humbly thank you for your Royal Charity,
All these Lords know what you believe, my innocence.
Sad were my case, if there were proofs as strong
Of their foul Charge, as their foul Hate and rancour.
Their very looks are witnesses against e'm.
Beauford's red sparkling eyes tell his hearts malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy brow his stormy hate.
Sharp *Buckingham* unburden's with his Tongue,
The envious load that lies upon his heart.
And dogged *York* that reaches at the Moon,
Because I have pluck'd back his roaming Arm,
Endeavours to pull Vengeance on my Head,
Nay, my Queen has with the rest conspir'd,
And with her best endeavour has stirr'd up
My Gracious King to be my Enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your Heads together,
I had notice of your Plots and Conventicles,
And all to take away my guiltless Life.

I ſhall not want falſe Witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſon to augment my Guilt.
Card. His railing, Sir, is moſt intolerable.
If thoſe that watch to keep your Royal Perſon
From Treaſon's ſecret Knife, and Traytor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill cool Men's zeal to ſerve your Majeſty.
Suff. Has he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though ſubtilly coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned Villains to ſwear
Falſe Allegations, to deſtroy his Life?
Qu. But I can give the looſer leave to rail.
Beſhrew the Winners, for they play me falſe,
And well ſuch Looſers may have leave to ſpeak.
Buck. He'l wreſt the ſence, and hold us here all day.
Pray, my Lord Cardinal, look to your Priſoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Gl. Ah! thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch
Before his Legs be firm to bear his Body.
Farewel moſt gracious Sovereign, Heaven protect you,
You ne're ſtood more in need of his Protection,
For I'me afraid if Heaven does not ſave you,
Man will not; Oh! that all my fears were groundleſs.
King. Stay Uncle, let me embrace you e're I go!
I wiſh, (I ſpeak it here before their faces)
I wiſh my Enemies had but thy innocence.
I in thy face behold, what I ne're ſaw,
Or in their looks, or any of their actions,
A map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty.
Card. Oh! Sir! and do you thus——? ——
King. Nay, Sirs, permit me,
You from my Boſom tear my beſt of Friends,
My wiſeſt Councellor, my faithful'ſt Servant,
And the great torment forces me to ſpeak.
Ah! yet, good Uncle, is the hour yet to come
That e're I found you falſe, or fear'd your Faith.
But there are louring Stars envy your ſtate.
For theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* your Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of your harmleſs life,
And I your King want power to ſave you from e'm.
Gl. Ah, gracious Sovereign, ſend me quickly hence,
What ever innocence I had before,
I'me growing a great Criminal, my ſtay
Does make me guilty of your Royal Sorrows.
King. Thou need'ſt not beg to be ſent hence, thy Enemies

Will quickly ſend thee hence in ſpite of me.
Gl. Oh! what a World is this, when ſuch a King
Has little Power, becauſe he has too much Goodneſs.
Card. The Duke ſure bears about him ſome Enchantment,
Wherewith he does bewitch the King! — Away with him.
Gl. I will away; and from the World and you
Cou'd part, with greater joy than e're man left
A howling Deſert full of Savage Beaſts,
Did I not leave my Sovereign behind.
But, Oh! the joy of my eſcape is daſh'd,
When I remember I have left him there
Bewildred, and no one to be his guid,
Begirt by Wolves, and none to be his guard.
Card. What, are we Wolves? He does improve in railing.
Gl. Prove your ſelves otherwiſe, I ſhall be glad;
Let all your wickedneſs end at my death,
And I'le forgive you that with all my heart.
I will thank Heaven for my deſtiny,
If as the Roman *Curtius*, ſtop'd the Plague
By leaping down into the gaping Earth;
So I by being thrown into the Grave,
Cou'd ſtop the plague of your Ambition.
But I'me afraid I ſhall do no ſuch miracle.
Suff. This is intolerable! My Lord Cardinal,
Why do you ſtand ſo tamely, and permit him
To wound both yours, and all our Honours thus?
Card. I will endure no more, away with him.
King. Farewel, good Man.
Gl. Farewel, oh! beſt of Kings. *(Exit with a Guard.)*
King. So the inhumane Souldier from the panting
Breaſts of his trembling Mother tears an Infant,
And carries it away before her face
Upon his bloody Spear; whilſt ſhe looks on
And ſwoons, and falls, and dares not call for help.
Even ſo remorſeleſs ha' they born him hence,
Whilſt I with as unhelpleſs tears bewail
The good Man's injuries, and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed Enemies;
Whom he I'me ſure ne're wrong'd, he ne're wrong'd any Man. *Exit.*
Qu. Do you ſee, my Lords, in what a caſe we are?
The King will hear nothing againſt the Duke.
The King is cold, full of fooliſh pity,
And *Gloceſter*'s ſhew beguiles his eaſie mind,
Juſt as a Snake roul'd in a flowry Bank,
Which ſhining checker'd ſlough does ſting a Child,

That

That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wiſe than I,
And I believe my ſelf not dull in this,
This *Gloceſter* ſhou'd be quickly rid of the World,
To free the King from danger, us from fear.
Card. That he ſhou'd die, is worthy Policy;
But yet we want ſome Colour for his death,
And it is meet he die by courſe of Law.
Suff. That were a worthy policy indeed,
To bring him to the Bar, and there for want
Of good ſubſtantial Arguments againſt him,
Shall openly arreign our ſelves of Malice;
And ſo inſtead of bringing him to death,
Expoſe our ſelves to all the People's fury.
True, we have Jealouſie back'd with ſtrong Reaſons,
But Reaſon cannot enter into their minds;
Mud Walls, you know, reſiſt all Battery.
And then from thoſe Mud Walls, the People's fury
Will ſalley out, and make ſlaughter on us.
Yo. I'me o' your mind, it is diſtraction
To ſail with him into his own ſafe Harbour
The People's rage, and not be well coyl'd round
With proofs, that will reſiſt ſmall ſhot at leaſt.
Qu. What ſhall we do then? Muſt we let him live?
If ſo, let's find ſome way our ſelves to die;
For I had rather periſh once for all,
Than die each hour a lingring death of fear.
Suff. No, Madam, no, the imperious Duke ſhall die,
We will not to his pride and rage expoſe
The King, the Kingdom, and our ſelves, and do
Subſtantial wrong to all, becauſe we cannot
Do againſt him a formal piece of Juſtice.
Muſt Juſtice ſtarve, becauſe we want a Lawyers
Forked diſtinctions to feed her neatly with;
And bright keen proofs to carve him up withal?
No, let us examine into her hungry Stomach
The morſel any way, no matter how.
Nor will the Duke have any injury,
It is an honeſt, and a good deceit
To deceive him who firſt intends deceit.
Qu. Moſt gallant *Suffolk*, reſolutely ſpoke.
Suff. Not reſolute except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and never meant.
To ſhew my Heart and Tongue fully agree,
Say but the word, I'le be the Executioner;
And think I do a meritorious deed.

I know the Duke means Treaſon to the King,
Why ſhou'd I ſtay for proofs of what I know?
Does any one refuſe to kill a Wolf,
Till he has ſtain'd his Chops, with Crimſon Blood?
No, 'tis enough he knows him for a Wolf,
His nature's Crime enough to deſerve death.
He then does beſt, that does diſpatch him ſooneſt.
What do you ſay Lord Cardinal? Speak your mind,
You ſee how free we are, why are you cloſe?
Is it a meritorious deed, or no?
Card. My Lords, I only ſtaid to feel your Pulſes.
That I might know the temper of your minds,
How vigorous their conſtitutions were.
Religion has a body and a ſpirit,
The body is like Water, weak and taſteleſs,
And that we fling among the Common People;
The extracted Spirit is intoxicating,
And that we drink our ſelves, and give our Friends.
And as wiſe Men do always in their pleaſures
Select Companions of their own Humour,
Thoſe that are rude and quarrelſome in Drink,
They ſhun with care; thoſe that are kind and pleaſant,
Witty and good natur'd, gladly they Conſort withal,
So we ne're drink the ſpirit of Religion,
With any Men but thoſe of our own minds,
Or Men of melting maudling piety,
Who when they are drunk with it, will kiſs our feet,
And weep, and do whatever we command e'm.
Suff. And pray, what is this Spirit? let us taſte it.
Card. This! Did ſome ask me if this deed were lawful,
I wou'd ſay no, it is a horrid Murder.
If any Man offend's againſt the Publick,
He to the Publick muſt give ſatisfaction;
That private Man that kills him is a Murderer,
And a bold Robber of the publick Right.
But now to you I ſay, cut the Duke's Throat,
'Tis lawful, neceſſary, meritorious.
And ſo 'twere in another, but perhaps
If I ſhou'd ſay ſo he wou'd not believe it,
So he might wound the Church with its own Weapons:
I'd pronounce all ſuch damn'd, ſhould kill the Duke,
But I'le pronounce you damn'd if you refuſe it,
Becauſe you are capable of theſe great myſteries.
Suff. Moſt excellent! this deed which I before
Only thought needful, now I find Religious.
Card. A moſt religious, meritorious deed.

You know the Churches Power is call'd the Keys;
The Keys are given us, not one ſingle Key,
As if there were only one Door to Heaven.
Oh! there are many entrances! There's one
Great common Gate of common Honeſty,
At that we let in common underſtandings;
Then there are private Wickets, but the Stairs
That lead up to e'm, are moſt ſteep and dangerous,
And none dare venture up but bold brave Spirits;
But theſe back Stairs lead up to Heaven's beſt Rooms.
This Murder then is one of Heaven's back Stairs.
Kill him, his Blood will oyl the Churches Keys,
That you ſhall chooſe what Room in Heaven you pleaſe.
Yo. I ne're heard any thing that pleas'd me better.
Card. My Lords, my Lords, Reaſon and Law allow
You Layicks to carry Swords for your defence,
Religion ſuffers us to carry none.
Is it becauſe Prieſts Altars and Religion
Does not deſerve defence as well as you?
Yes, but we Prieſts have always Weapons ready,
A kind of two-edge Knives, call'd Subtilties,
That are moſt keenly whetted at the Altars,
And nothing cuts ſo as one of them.
In ſhort then, kill the Duke, kill him to night,
Before he hurt the King, the Church, or you.
Suff. Here is my hand, my Lord, I'le ſee it done.
Qu. I give conſent.
Yo. I'le joyn; and now we four
Agree in it, who dares oppoſe a Cenſure?
Suff. We muſt get fitting People to aſſiſt us.
Card. I'le find you ſuch, I'le mould e'm for the purpoſe.
When we have kill'd the Duke, we will give out
He kill'd himſelf to prevent publick ſhame,
Or his heart broke becauſe he was diſcovered.
Suff. But will not thoſe be Lyes?
Card. Moſt ſacred truths.
Do not his actions bring his death upon him?
Qu. True.
Card. Then 'tis true, I hope he kills himſelf.
Suff. Right.
Card. Or ſuppoſe we report the diſcovery
Of his ſoul treacherous actions broke his heart:
I pray, is that falſe, when the diſcovery
Of his ſoul actions make us break his Neck?
Suff. No, certainly, for that will break his heart.

Card.

Card. Then every way you see, we spread no falshoods.
My Lords, the Church has several kind of Garments,
Course home-spun Clothes for Fools, fine Robes for Wits.
Now though a Fool may be let into Heaven
With his course Coat on, they will ne're admit him
To Rooms of State, among the Saints of quality.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lords, I am sent Post to you from *Ireland*.
The Irish Rebels are all up in Arms,
And put the English to the Sword, send Succours
With all the speed you can, and stop the rage
Betimes, or else the Wound may grow incurable.
Card. A Breach that craves a very speedy stop.
What counsel give you in this weighty Business?
Suff. That speedy Force be rais'd. My Lord of *York*,
Pray do you Head e'm, and go try your Fortune.
Yo. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.
Suff. Why, our Authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms.
Then pray, my Lord, take you this task in hand.
Yo. Content, my Lords, do you provide me Souldiers,
Whilst I take orders for my own Affairs.
Suff. To raise you men, my Lord, shall be my business.
And now return we to the false Duke *Humphry*.
Card. Let us about the work immediately.
Things of great weight must not be carried long
For fear we shou'd tire under e'm; and now
The gaudy blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the Sea,
And in the room more fitting for our purpose,
The silent pitiless stern-night is risen,
And beckens us methinks with her black hand,
To do that gallant work under her Wings,
Will make her fam'd in the Records of Time,
Who else will like a drop fall in the Sea
Of black Oblivion, and be lost for ever.
Suff. Come then, I flame with fury to be at it,
That I shall need no Flambeau but my self.
Card. We two, my Lord, will be the chief performers,
But yet we must have some trusty assistants,
And I will go and fashion some immediately;
I always have store of soft Clay prepar'd,
Which I can mould into what shape I please.

Suff. Madam, pleaſe you to go to your Repoſe,
And dream of Crowns and Scepters, the high Wall
That kept you from e'm, ſhall fall down to Night;
And your way open'd to the Royal Seat.
Qu. And thou ſhalt happy be when I am great. (*Aſide to him.*
Yo. So Lords, I thank you, you have done my buſineſs, (*Ex. S. Q. C.*
I wanted men and you will give e'm me;
I wanted *Glocester*'s death, you give me that too.
Now lies the King as open to deſtruction,
As a poor Ship toſt on the open Sea,
With Maſts all broken, and the Sailers mad.
I have ſeduc'd one *Cade*, a headſtrong Kentiſhman,
To take on him the name of *Mortimer*,
And make Commotion. I have ſeen in *Ireland*
That Fellow fight, till his thighs full of Darts,
Were almoſt like two ſharp-quill'd Porcupines.
Then have I ſeen him dance like a Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
In Face, and Gate, and Speech, he's like dead *Mortimer*.
Thus ſhall I try how men affect our Title.
If he be ta'ne and Rack'd, he'l ne're confeſs.
And if he thrives, I'le reap the Raſcal's harveſt.
Then pious *Henry* to a Covent gone,
And *Humphry* to his Tomb, I'le climb the Throne. (*Exit.*

Enter the Cardinal, Suffolk, *and three* Murderers.

Suff. Are you provided, my Lord Cardinal?
Card. Of three brave Fellows.
Suff. What? old hardned Villains?
Card. Of better inſtruments, of ſoft Church Tools
Which I have heated with the fire of Zeal,
And I can bow e'm any way I pleaſe.
Theſe are the honeſt men! —— Come honeſt men!
You are deſign'd to be moſt glorious men;
Glorious on Earth, and glorious in Heaven.
Suff I will provide for e'm on Earth, my Lord,
The other place do you look after, for e'm.
Card. How? I provide for e'm in Heaven, my Lord?
They'l have more ſhare in Heaven than my ſelf.
1. *Mur.* Oh! my good Lord!
Card. Nay, it is true, my Friends.
Suff. My Lord, you will inſtruct e'm what to do.
Card. I have inſtructed, and encourag'd e'm,
Told e'm their buſineſs, and the nature of it,
That 'tis a charity to the whole Church.

I've told e'm, ſtopping of a Heretick's Windpipe,
Is ſtopping a wide Leak ſprung in the Church,
Where ſtreams of Hereſie flow in to drown it;
Which if they will not ſtop, eſpecially
When I a Pilot in the Church command e'm,
They will not only caſt away their own
Poor ruin'd Souls, but many thouſands more.

Suff. Sure, nothing is more plain.

1. *Mur.* Nothing, my Lord.

2. *Mur.* Oh! may it pleaſe your Grace, 'tis very plain.

3. *Mur.* Pſhaw! pſhaw! 'tis not ſo plain, and I do'nt like it.
'Tis not ſo plain, I'me ſure, as I want Money. (*Aſide.*

Card. Well, I need ſay no more, I'le only give e'm
An Oath of ſecrecy; come to me preſently
About that Buſineſs.

1. *Mur.* } We'l attend your Grace. (*Ex.* Card. Suff.
2. *Mur.* }

3. *Mur.* I don't know what to think o' this damn'd buſineſs.

1. *Mur.* What ſhou'd you think! 'Tis ſtopping of a Leak.

3. *Mur.* Do not talk to me of ſtopping of a Leak!
It is a curſed Murder.

2. *Mur.* How, a Murder!
The Cardinal ſaid it is a work of charity.

3. *Mur.* It is ſo, to my ſtarving Wife and Children,
I ſhall ſtop Leaks in their poor empty Bellies,
And that's the thing that ſatisfies my Conſcience.

1. *Mur.* That's not enough, you may get Money otherwiſe.

3. *Mur.* I cannot, I take pains, and pray, and faſt,
And am ſo fearful to diſpleaſe a Saint,
That I keep every day a Holy-day,
And yet I cannot thrive.

2. *Mur.* That's very ſtrange.

3. *Mur.* I got a little Money the other day,
And went, and gave half of it to a Prieſt,
To pray for me, and give me a little counſel,
What courſe I had beſt take to get ſome Money.
He gave me a heavenly Prayer, and bid me ſay it
For thirty days together, and after that
He ſaid I ſhou'd obtain what e're I ask'd for.
I did, and at the end of thirty days,
I pray'd to Heaven to give me thirty pounds;
Then I watch'd night and day, almoſt a Week,
To ſee if any thing wou'd bring the Money;
The devil of any one brought me a farthing.

1. *Mur.* That's very ſtrange.

3. *Mur.* I went and told the Prieſt

What luck I had; he bad me go to *Canterbury*,
And pray devoutly to St. *Thomas Becket*.
I went and pray'd to St. *Thomas*, and St. *Thomas*,
But might as well have pray'd to St. *Tom Thumb*,
For any thing I got.

2. *Mur.* That's very ſtrange.

3. *Mur.* I went again, and told the Prieſt my luck,
And then he gave me a miraculous Prayer,
Said, if that wou'd not do, then nothing wou'd.
He ſaid, the other day in *Germany*,
A high dutch Lady had her Head cut off,
And yet liv'd after it, two and twenty hours.

2. *Mur.* After her Head was off?

3. *Mur.* After 'twas off.

1. *Mur.* Good-lack, is't poſſible?

3. *Mur.* She cou'd not die
Till ſhe Confeſt, and had Communicated,
And then her Head and Body agreed to die,
And in her Grave it ſeems this prayer was found.

2. *Mur.* And did you ſay it?

3. *Mur.* Ay, forty times a day,
For forty days.

1. *Mur.* And was you e're the richer?

3. *Mur.* The devil a farthing.

2. *Mur.* Oh! Good-lack! good-lack!

3. *Mur.* On this I went and told the Cardinal all.

1. *Mur.* And what ſaid he to you?

3. *Mur.* He made me kneel,
And thank St. *Thomas*, and the high dutch Lady,
For they had heard my Prayers, and ſent me to him,
To do a work wou'd gain me Heaven and Earth.

2. *Mur.* Why look you there now!

1. *Mur.* Look you, look you there now.

3. *Mur.* But that ſame work, was this ſame ſcurvy buſineſs.

2. *Mur.* A ſcurvy buſineſs? Do you call a bleſſing
Sent from St. *Thomas*, and the high dutch Lady,
A ſcurvy buſineſs?

3. *Mur.* Why ſhou'd I believe
It came from them? for both their Throats were cut;
Why ſhou'd I think that they love cutting Throats?
They cou'd not find it ſuch a pleaſant buſineſs.

1. *Mur.* They love to cut the throat of a vile Heretick.

3. *Mur.* How do I know Duke *Humphry* is a Heretick?

2. *Mur.* The Cardinal ſays he is one.

3. *Mur.* How if the Cardinal
Shou'd be miſtaken?

1. *Mur.* He will answer for it.
3. *Mur.* And so he shall, for I'me an honest Fellow,
And if to kill Duke *Humphry* be a sin,
I'le either lay it at the Cardinal's door,
Or put it on the high dutch Lady's score. —*Ex. Mur.*

Enter Cardinal *and three* Murderers.

Card. So, you have all sworn at the holy Altars;
Now have a care, don't let your Consciences
Fool you, to flinch with fear e're it is done,
Or to repent and tell it when 'tis done;
If so you are trebly Damn'd.
1. *Mur.* I warrant your Grace.
Card. Believe your Priests, and not your Consciences,
For Priests are to direct your Consciences;
Your Consciences are silly, false, corrupt.
2 *Mur.* Oh! hang my Conscience, Sir, I ne're regarded it.
3 *Mur.* May I be bold to ask your Grace one question?
Card. Ay, prethee do.
3 *Mur.* Suppose a Priest, an't please you,
Mistake, and I shou'd sin by his command,
Will he be damn'd for me? and shall I escape?
Card. A Priest mistake? Sirrah, were you ne're catechis'd,
That you are ignorant of First Principles?
1 *Mur.* Why, look you now, you will be asking questions.
Card. The Church cannot mistake, the Church is infallible.
3 *Mur.* Pray Sir, an't please you, how shall I know that?
Card. How shall you know it, Sirrah? The Church tells you so.
2 *Mur.* Prethee give over, don't stand asking questions.
3 *Mur.* How shall I know the Church tells true, an't please you?
Card. The Church, I say, Sirrah, is Infallible.
3 *Mur.* How shall I know the Church is so Infallible?
Card. Why I say, Sirrah, the Church tells you so.
3 *Mur.* But how shall I be certain it tells true?
1 *Mur.* What a strange man is this? we must dismiss him?
Car. Be certain, this is a damn'd Rogue! —a Heretick!
Sirrah, don't you believe the Church? I'le burn you.
2 *Mur.* So, so, you have brought your self into a fine pickle.
3 *Mur.* Oh! yes, Sir, I believe!
1 *Mur.* Oh! do you so.
2 *Mur.* 'Tis time you shou'd.
3 *Mur.* I only did make bold to ask some questions,
To know some things, that I was ignorant of
Card. Why there was your mistake, you are not to know,
You are only to do what a Priest bids you;

Priests

Prieſts only are to know, you are to know nothing
Except your duty, and the reward that follows it.
Your duty now is to deſtroy a Traytor,
Yes, and a Heretick.

3 *Mur.* I'le do't, an't pleaſe you.

1 *Mur.* Your Grace may truſt him, he is an honeſt Fellow,
Only a little troubleſome with ſcruples.

2 *Mur.* Which way, Sir, had we beſt to kill the Duke?

Card. Which way it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to inſpire you.
Stay, let me ſee! —Strangling I think were beſt.
Ay ſtrangling! ſtrangling! 'twill give leaſt ſuſpition,
And make the World believe, Grief broke his heart;
For ſo we will give out.

1 *Mur.* We'l do't an't pleaſe you.
I have a Handkerchief fit for the purpoſe.

Card. Open the door, go to him, go, go, quickly.

The Scene is drawn, the Duke of Gloceſter *ſitting and reading in his Night-Gown.*

Card. Ha! he's awake, and up; you two go hold him (*Softly to*
And get him down, whilſt the other ſtrangles him. *the Mur.*

Gl. Ha! Who is that opens the door?

2 *Mur.* The Cardinal's
Servants, an't pleaſe your Grace.

Gl. And what's your buſineſs?

1 *Mur.* The Cardinal ſaw your Light burning ſo late,
And was afraid your Grace was indiſpos'd;
And ſent to know if your Grace wanted any thing,
And gave us ſtrict command to wait upon you.

Gl. He is grown wondrous kind; I am afraid
He's ill, for this is not his natural temper.
He gueſſes right of me, I'm ill indeed;
A heavineſs like Death oppreſſes me.
I cannot get my thoughts out of a Grave:
I fear not Death it ſelf, why ſhou'd a dream
And empty ſhadow of it then oppreſs me?

Card. So, get behind him now whilſt he is muſing. (*Aſide.*

Gl. If wicked men be digging now my Grave,
And theſe cold Terrors be fore-running damps,
Oh! Heaven prepare me for it.

3 *Mur.* How he prays! (*Aſide.*

2 *Mur.* What if he does? What are a Hereticks prayers? (*Aſide.*

Gl. Let all my ſins drop from me in theſe Tears.

3 *Mur.* How penitent he is! —my Soul relents,
The Devil take this curſed want of Money. (*Aſide.*

Gl. If e're my Perſon, Greatneſs, or Authority,

Did

Did injure any one, forgive the fault,
And in the boſome of the injur'd perſon,
Pour down a thouſand bleſſings. —Above all things
Preſerve the King from all his Enemies.
If I by Wickedneſs and Falſhood periſh,
Oh! give my bloody Enemies repentance,
And let my Death be an occaſion
Of good to them, but ruine to their wickedneſs.
3 *Mur.* Heark, how he prays for us that are his murderers! (*Aſide*
1 *Mur.* What if he does? he is a Heretick.
His Prayers are Curſes, we are the worſe for e'm. (*Aſide.*
Card. Why don't you do your work? (*Aſide.*
3 *Mur.* We will; we will. (*Aſide.*
Gl. So ſhall I do more good in Death than Life,
And by my innocent Death procure a Bleſſing
To my good King, my Country, all my Enemies.
They lay hold on the Duke and ſtrangle him.

Card. So! Is he dead yet?
2 *Mur.* Yes! he does not ſtir.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Ho! What's the News?
Card. The deed is done, my Lord.
Suff. Have you diſpatch'd the thing?
1 *Mur.* We have done his buſineſs.
Suff. Thou art a gallant Rogue! there's Gold for thee.
And for you all.
Card. A Rogue, my Lord, you wrong him;
He is a Saint, and ſo are they all.
3 *Mur.* A Saint: (*Aſide.*
Devil take ſuch Saints.
I wou'd this deed were to be done again,
My Family ſhou'd ſtarve e're I wou'd do it.
Card. I hear a noiſe without.
3 *Mur.* A noiſe without!
I'me ſure I hear a curſed noiſe within me,
A bawling Conſcience.
Card. Place the Body ſome way
As may give leaſt ſuſpition, and be gone,
And come another time for your rewards.
They place the Body in a Chair, ſhut the Scene,—and Ex.

Enter

Enter the King *and* Queen, Attendants.

Qu. What brings your Majesty abroad so early?
You do not use to finish your Devotion
So soon as this.
King. Oh! Love, I am not well,
My Uncle is always walking in my mind,
And shakes the melancholy Room with fear;
Methinks he tells me I have not done well,
To give him up to his too cruel Enemies,
To men who are not such as they shou'd be.
Qu. Why, Sir, have you so great mistrust of e'm?
King. I wish I had no cause; I've sent Commands to e'm,
To bring my Uncle to me presently.

Enter the Cardinal.

Had you my message, my Lord Cardinal?
Card. Yes, Royal Sir, the Duke of *Suffolk* instantly
Will bring the Duke of *Glocester*; I have lodg'd
My noble Prisoner but in the next Rooms.
King. Methinks he shou'd not be the man you make him.
Card. Your Majesty has your eyes always fixt
On shining Heaven, that when you look below,
The World is in a mist and dark to you.

Enter Suffolk.

King. How now? Why look'st thou pale? why do'st thou shake?
Where is my Uncle? What's the matter? Speak.
Suff. The Duke is dead.
Card. How! Dead?
Suff. Dead in his Chair.
Qu. Oh! Heaven forbid!
Suff. 'Tis true.
Card. Heaven's secret Judgments.
I fear'd some dreadful judgment wou'd o'retake him.

The King Swoons.

Qu. How is my Lord? Help, help, the King is dying.
Suff. Rear up his Body, fetch some Water quickly.
Qu. Oh! Help, help, help.
Suff. See, he revives again.
Madam, be comforted.
Qu. How does my Lord?

King.

King. Oh! heavenly God! ——*Sighs deeply.*
Suff. Take comfort, Gracious Sir.
King. Ah! Wo is me for *Glocester!* wretched man!
Qu. Is all your comfort shut up in his Tomb?
And can you find no joy in me at all?
Why do you turn away and hide your Face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, look on me.
Ah! wo is me, more wretched than he is.
Did I for this expose my self to Winds,
And Rocks, and Seas, and twice was almost wrack'd,
And twice was driven back, as if the Winds
Forewarn'd me landing on this unkind Shore!
The vaulting Sea danc'd with me to and fro,
As it were loth to bring me to this Coast.
The Rocks cover'd in the Waves, and hid themselves,
As shaming to owe kindred to an Island,
Whose cruel King wou'd thus reward my Love.
Ah! see if he will speak to me, or look on me!
How hateful am I grown! Ah! wretched me!
Card. I see the King loves this dead Traytor better
Than all his living Friends! Farewel,— I'me sorry Sir,
To see you hate your Friends, and love your Enemies. *(Ex.*
King. Where is my dead Friend? I'le see him— lead me to him.
Suff. In the next Room, Sir: Ho, open these doors.

The Scene is drawn, and the Duke of Glocester *is shewn dead in a Chair.*

King. Oh! thou good man! And hast thou thus been us'd?
And is this all of thee that's left to me?
Oh! to how little, and how poor a pittance
Are all my Comforts in this life now brought!

Enter Warwick.

War. Oh! Sir, Reports are spread among the People,
The good Duke *Humphry* treacherously is murder'd,
By *Suffolk*'s and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means.
Suff. By mine?
War. By yours.
Suff. I did expect as much.
War. The Commons, like a Hive of angry Bees,
That want their Leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in their revenge.
I have endeavour'd to allay their rage,
Until they are satisfied about his death.
King. Ah! my Lord he is dead, 'tis true! too true!

See here: —But how he died, God knows, not I.
I fear foul play was plaid him for his Life.
Oh Heaven! to whom Judgment alone belongs,
Forgive me if I injure any one
With falſe ſuſpitions.
War. Sir, as certainly,
As I believe that Heaven was his Maker,
I believe Treachery was his deſtroyer.
Suff. Do you know it, that ſo dreadfully you ſwear it?
War. I ſwear that I believe it.
Suff. What's your reaſon?
War. I ſee already above a thouſand proofs,
That he was baſely ſtrangled.
Suff. Strangled!
War. Strangled.
His Face is black and ſwell'd with ſettled Blood,
Which ſhews the paſſage to the Heart was ſtopt,
Whether the Blood in natural deaths deſcends,
To aid the labouring Heart in his laſt conflict;
And failing, freezes with the cold of Death,
And ne're returns, but leaves the face all pale.
His eyes ſtand gaſtly from his Head, and almoſt
Come out to meet us to complain of ſtrangling.
His gaping noſtrils are ſtretch'd out with ſtriving,
His hands are ſpread abroad, as one that graſp'd
And tugg'd for Life, but was by ſtrength o're-maſter'd.
His well proportion'd Beard, is rugged made
Like Summer's Corn, by furious tempeſt lodg'd.
See a blew Ring encompaſſes his Neck.
Oh! Murder here has danc'd her fairy round.
If the Duke was not ſtrangled, ne're was man.
Suff. Why, who ſhou'd do it, my Lord? none but my ſelf
And Cardinal *Beauford*, had him in protection.
War. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees a Butcher with his Ax ſtand by,
May eaſily ſuſpect who made the Slaughter.
Qu. The Cardinal, and you, my Lord, are Murderers!
For ſhame, my Lord of *Warwick*, rule your arrogance.
War. Pray, Madam, let me with due reverence tell you,
Each word you ſpeak for him, ſlaunders your Honour.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, thy evil manners ſay,
Thy Mother took into her blameful Bed
Some rough untutour'd Churl, and graſted there
On *Nevil*'s noble race a rugged Clown.
War. Did not my Sovereign's preſence check my fury,
I'de make thee kneel for pardon for this ſpeech,

And

And say, 'twas thy own Mother that thou mean'st,
And after this low homage, I wou'd kill thee,
Thou treacherous murderer of sleeping men.
Suff. Thou shalt be waking when I shed thy blood;
If er'e I meet thee from this royal presence.
War. Away, or I will drag thee! —— though I scorn thee,
I'le fight with thee, to appease Duke *Humphry*'s Ghost.
King. Forbear my Lords, for shame! stay, I command you.

A Noise, Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Great Sir, the Commons humbly implore by me,
The Duke of *Suffolk* may be put to death,
Or Banish'd instantly; for else they threaten,
They'l tear him hence by violence and Torture him.
Free from bold contradiction to your liking,
But out of Loyalty they drive him from you.
They say, If you desir'd to sleep, and charg'd
No one on pain of Death shou'd dare to wake you;
Yet if they saw a Serpent in your Bosom,
They with the hazard of their lives wou'd wake you,
And drive him from you whether you wou'd or no.
They say the Duke of *Suffolk* is that Serpent,
By whose envenom'd sting your Uncle perish'd;
A Prince a thousand times of *Suffolk*'s value,
From him they also fear your Majestie's Death.
Suff. They durst not send this message to their King,
My noble Lord Embassador from *Weavers*.
King. My Lord of *Salisbury*, Tell e'm from me,
I thank e'm for their Loyal care of me;
That I have been awake long e're they rouz'd me,
And seen the dangerous Serpent I have cherish'd
To my great danger, and my Friends destruction.
For oh! the slimy paths the Serpent crawl'd
To sting my Friend to Death, shine in my eyes.
Suff. Sir, will you judg me e're you know my innocnece?
King. Go tell e'm, By that Heavenly Majesty,
Whose most unworthy Deputy I am,
I vow most solemnly, the English Air
Shall not receive three days infection more
From this most wicked man; for if it does
The fourth shall end his wickedness and him. *Exit Salis.*
Suff. Sir, this is hard to doom me e're I me tried.
Qu. Oh! let me plead, Sir, for this injur'd Lord.
King. Oh fye, forbear! forbear! your pleading for him
Will add but very little to your Honour,

But to my anger much; 'twill make me pass
Censure on you, and heavier Doom on him.
Had I but said it, nothing shou'd ha chang'd me;
But having sworn it, you may easier
Remove the Kingdom than stay that man in it.
Then let him hear his Sentence once again:
If after three days space he shall be found
On any Ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransom for his Life. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh wretched! wretched me! Oh! I cou'd turn
My Breath and Spirits all, all into Curses,
Curse all thy Enemies, and all the World.
I prethee joyn with me, and let us Curse e'm.

Suff. A Plague upon e'm! Wherefore shou'd I curse e'm?
Were Curses killing as the groans of Mandrakes.
I'de stay to curse e'm were the Palace burning,
And every word I said were half on't fire,
And I, my Curses ended, shou'd be Ashes.
For what's the difference 'tween being Ashes,
Or Water, as I soon shall be with Sorrow?

Qu. I must betake my self now to my Tears,
The last poor refuge of a wretched Woman.

Suff. Must I see this? And can I not revenge it?
Like one of the fallen Spirits baniſh'd Heaven.
I stand upon the shining Precipice,
And look with grief on all the Joys I'me leaving;
Then down with Terror on my desperate fall,
Then grin with rage because I cannot help my self;
And amidst all these Passions, I'me more tortur'd
In Heaven, than I shall be when fallen to Hell.

Qu. My griefs no flesh can bear, no soul can guess.
Oh! that the moment when thou took'st me Prisoner,
Thy Sword had seperated my Soul and Body,
Then had I been at ease; but now thy Banishment
Divides e'm, and I live to feel the torment.

Suff. I'le stay with you, what ever shall befal me.

Qu. What shou'd befal but Death to both of us?
The strong convulsions of my griefs have tir'd,
Wasted, and weakned so my vanquish't Spirits,
That I am fainting now into a calm.

Suff. And in this calm the current of my Sorrows,
Shall bear my drowning Spirits to thy Bosom,
And lay it there as on a Bank of Lillies,
Where I will Die as in a pleasing slumber.

Qu. This must not be, we must not stay together,
No we must part, or staying thou must Die.

I

I rather will endure a lingring Death
Of a long parting, than by Death to loſe thee.
Whilſt we are living we may meet again.
Suff. We may, we ſhall, the King is not Immortal,
Or if he were, his Anger is not ſo.
But both will have an end, ſo will our Sorrows.
The longeſt life has ſtill an utmoſt point:
No Creature is infinite.
Qu. Except my Love.
Suff. In hopes then once to meet again,— Farewel!
Qu. Oh! ſad heart-breaking word! — Where e're thou wandreſt
Send to me oft.
Suff. What joy ſhall I have elſe?
All Places will be deſolate, and I
Shall live no longer than I hear you live.
Qu. My Fit returns again! unhappy we!
Why are we two ſo nearly joyn'd in Love,
And yet by Fortune kept ſo wide aſunder,
Firſt by thy Marriage, and now by thy Baniſhment?
My Love was thrown as ſoon as it was Born
On cold Diſpair, hearing thou hadſt a Wife.
Hadſt thou had none, and only been a Shepherd,
And known no other wealth than a ſmall Flock,
No other Title than the charming Swain,
(For ſo wou'd every Shepherdeſs have call'd thee)
I wou'd have rather been thy humble Wife,
Than Queen to *Henry*.
Suff. If I ſhou'd ſtay here
Till I told o're the Wealth I wou'd have given,
For ſuch a happineſs, we ne're ſhou'd part.
Qu. Oh! muſt we part! Heaven made us for each other,
And then did ſet us two, of all the World,
Farthеſt aſunder; a Wife firſt did part us,
But now whole Kingdoms, and whole Worlds muſt part us.
Theſe Miſeries I might have well expected;
My Love was born under Captivity,
I was thy Priſoner, e're my heart was ſo:
Chains lay at th' entrance of the gate of Love,
And pail Diſpair forbad me entring in;
Yet ſuch ſweet Proſpects drew my heart along,
It entred in, and now is loſt for ever.
Suff. Say not for ever; Do not cruelly
Put out the eyes of our Prophetick hopes,
Which like ſo many Angel-guides, will lead
Our Souls to pleaſant Proſpects of delight,
Where we may gaze till Fate is tir'd with frowning,

And Time with holding two ſo bent to meet,
Shall looſe his hold, and let us flie together.
Till then farewel.

Qu. Take with thee my poor heart.

Suff. A Jewel lock'd into the wofull'ſt Cabinet
That ever did contain ſo great a Treaſure.
Juſt like a ſplitted Bark, ſo ſunder we.
This way ſink I to ruine.

Qu. This way I.— *Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

The SCENE the Cardinals Apartment.

Enter the Cardinal.

Card. I'me vext! I'me more, I'me wrack'd! By what? who knows?
By a thing within me call'd a Conſcience.
A Trick,— a Spring, that catches us, and pinches,
If we but point at an ill Action.
Why is it an ill thing to kill a man?
He is the Plague and Sickneſs of the World.
'Tis a kind honeſt thing to kill a man,
You cure the World of one Diſeaſe, you free
Thouſands from Miſchief, and you eaſe the man.
Yet if one do a man ſo great a kindneſs,
The damn'd ungrateful Rogue torments one's Conſcience.
Men are ungrateful Rogues, living or dead.
I know not what to do; I muſt have eaſe.
Ho there!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Card. Call my Phyſitian.
Stay there! — What ſhou'd I do with a Phyſitian?
No Phyſick can give me any eaſe, but Poyſon.
The gravel of the Grave is the beſt ſcowring
For ſuch fierce Hawks as I am, after feeding.
Go, now I think on't, call my Confeſſor.
Let him alone! —— What ſhou'd I do with him too?
My Soul is ſick, and it can have no eaſe,
I grow ſick.——
Unleſs it purge (forſooth) in a Prieſt's ear.
Fetch me a Glaſs of Wine, run quickly,—— run.
I tremble! —— a cold ſweat comes over me,
All the Air taſtes of an infernal damp.

The

The Ghoſt of Duke Humphry *appears and goes out, the* Cardinal *falls into a Swoon. Enter the Servant with Wine.*

1 *Ser.* Help, help, my Lord is fallen! my Lord is dead!
2 *Ser.* Oh! Heaven! What's the matter with my Lord?
3 *Ser.* He opens now his eyes!
4 *Ser.* He foams at the mouth.
1 *Ser.* Let's ſet him in the Chair and give him air.
3 *Ser.* I'le run for his Phyſitians. *Ex.*
4 *Ser.* I'le give notice
To all the Court. *Ex.*

Enter the three Murtherers.

Card. Stand off, and let the Duke of *Gloceſter* ſpeak to me.
Speak, ſpeak, I ſay! What wou'dſt thou have with me?
2 *Mur.* He names the Duke of *Gloceſter.*
1 *Mur.* Oh! Does he ſo?
Is his Infallibility come to that? A Pox of his Doctrines,
He has damn'd himſelf and me too.
Card. Who is the Grave-maker?
He is a Villain, he digs Graves ſo ſhallow,
The dead break Priſon, and come plague the Living.
Why this is fine, the Living cannot eat
Nor drink, nor ſleep in quiet for the Dead;
The Dead that can do none of e'm, muſt plague us.
Thou envious Ghoſt, get to thy own abode,
I know not where it is, in Heaven or Hell,
Oh! Hell! Hell! Hell! I am tormented: Oh!
1 *Mur.* Oh! gallant, brave Infallibility!

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick.

King. How does the Cardinal?
2 *Mur.* Sir, of a ſudden
He's fallen into a fit of Infallible Madneſs.
Card. Ha! who are theſe? Stand off, ſtand off, who are you?
Sal. This is your King.
Card. What King? The King of Terrors?
Death! is it he? If thou be'ſt Death, I'le give thee
Treaſure enough to purchaſe all this Kingdom,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah! What a ſign it is of evil life
When Death's approach appears ſo terrible?
War. My Lord, my Lord! Do you know your King?

Car.

Car. What King? what King?
War. King *Henry.*
Car. Ha! King *Henry!*
Sir, bring me to my Trial when you will,
I am prepar'd, died he not in his Bed?
Can I make men live whether they will no?
Oh! do not torture me! I will confeſs! ——Oh!
King. Poor wretch!
War. What think you, Sir? Are not theſe ſigns
Of horrid Guilt?
King. Let us not Cenſure him.
Car. Alive again, do you ſay? Ha! ſhew him me!
I'le give a Thouſand Pound to look on him.
Stand by and let me ſee him,—— there he is,
He has no Eyes, the duſt has blinded e'm,
Comb down his hair! —look! — look! it ſtands upright
Like Limetwigs, ſet to catch my flying Soul.
I prethee do not carry me along with thee,
And I'le do cruel Pennance all my life;
Hunger ſhall tear my Entrals, Whips my Fleſh,
Thorns my bare Feet; my habit ſhall be Hair-cloth,
The Rock my Bed, hard Roots my only food,
Foul Puddle all my drink; if this ſuffice not,
I'le ſell my ſelf a Slave among the Turks:
What doſt thou ſay? wilt thou conſent to this?
King. Oh! thou eternal Mercy, caſt an eye
Of pity on this Wretch! Oh! drive away from him
The hungry Fiend, that ſtrives to gripe his Soul.
Card. Ha! Wilt thou not conſent? and muſt I die?
Oh! let me live, and be a Slave, a Dog!
What muſt I die? Oh! this is very cruel!
War. See how he grins, Sir, with the pangs of Death.
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
King. Peace to his Soul, if it be Heavens good pleaſure.
Lord Cardinal, If you have any hopes of Heaven,
Hold up your hand, and give a joyful ſignal.
Sal. He gives us none.
King. Oh! Heaven have mercy on him.
War. He gives a dreadful ſignal of his Guilt.
King. Forbear to judge him, we are ſinners all.
He's dead! ——cloſe up his eyes, ——and let us all
To ſad and devout Meditation. *Exeunt.*

The

The Scene is drawn. The Queen *weeping.*
A Lady attending.

Qu. How am I robb'd of all my joys in Youth?
That now my doleful Years will hang on me,
Like a great Family on a poor Bankrupt.
My hope is, Deſtiny will ne're be able,
With this great weight of Miſery upon me,
To drag me to the Priſon of old Age,
Where we lie cold and dark as in the Grave,
And have as great a load of Earth upon us;
Where melancholy thoughts about us crawl,
Like Toads in Dungeons about Malefactors:
That Priſon, where through gates of Horror wrinkled
Fate feeds us with the Water of our Tears,
But enough to quench the thirſt of Sorrow,
For the old Well is then almoſt dried up.

Lady. Oh! Madam! you'l bring Age on you in Youth,
If you weep thus.

Qu. I wou'd if I cou'd, bring on me
The only joy of Age to be near Death.
But I have a long Life to travel through,
Barren and comfortleſs as any Deſert,
And I am ſpoil'd of all juſt at the entrance.

Enter another Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, there's a Gentleman without
Come from aboard a Veſſel, where the Duke
Of *Suffolk* lately was.——

Qu. Oh! bring him!

Enter a Gentleman.

Oh! ſaw you lately, Sir, the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Gent. Yes, Madam.

Qu. Oh! How does he?

Gent. Well, I doubt not;
He is at the end of an unhappy Journey.——

Qu. In *France* already?

Gent In a better Country.——
Madam, forgive my zeal to my dear Lord.
I had the honour to be once his Servant,
And knowing well your Majeſty did bear
A very great reſpect to his great Merit.

Came to entreat you to revenge his Blood!
Qu. His Blood!
Gent. His Blood: See Madam, this was once,
The beauteous manly Visage of my Lord.
Shews the Duke of Suffolk's *Head.*

1 *Lady.* She faints! she dies! Oh! help for Heaven's sake.
2 *Lady.* She stirs; she's coming to her self again.
Qu. Why have you wak'd me from this pleasing slumber,
In which I had forgotten my vast misery?
Where is the bloody Spectacle you shewed me?
1 *Lady.* Away with it!
Qu. Shew it me again, I say.
Oh! barbarous and bloody Spectacle!
Is this the Noble Duke? Is this the man
That was the pride of Nature, *England*'s Ornament,
But now is *England*'s everlasting shame.
Oh! my dear murder'd Duke! Is this the meeting
Which we at parting promised to each other?
Love promis'd more than Destiny cou'd pay.
Who did this cursed deed?
Gent. A cursed Pyrate,
Who in the Rivers Mouth clapt him aboard,
And took the Duke and all of us his Prisoners.
The Duke they knew not till they spy'd his George,
And then he own'd himself, and for his Ransome,
Offer'd what sums of Gold they wou'd demand;
He chanc'd to be one *Walter Whitmore*'s Prize,
Who lost in Fight his eye.
Qu. And to revenge it,
He wou'd put out the Sun.
Gent. Yes, kill the Duke.
And he was stirr'd to greater insolence.
By that damn'd Villain, which they call'd their Captain,
Who said the Duke had murder'd good Duke *Humphry*,
Begger'd the King, lost *France*, and ruined *England*.
Nay, his foul Tongue did not refuse to spit
Dishonour on your Sacred Majesty,
And said the Duke had injur'd the King's Bed.
Qu. Impudent Villain!
Gent. For all which foul Crimes,
He said he wou'd revenge the King and Kingdom.
Qu. Bold bloody Villain.
Gent. The brave Duke on this,
Calling to mind his Birth was Calculated,
And it was told him he shou'd die by Water,

He

He thought at first the Fiend had quibbled with him,
And he shou'd die by one who was call'd *Water*;
But then remembring that he was at Sea,
He found the Devil had two strings to his Bow,
So Saw himself encompast round with Destiny.
Then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven he smil'd,
As if he in his noble thoughts derided
The sport Fate makes with great mens Lives and Fortunes.
Then looking down with scorn on his base Enemies,
He gave a sigh, at which he nam'd Queen *Margaret*,
And with that grace he acted every thing,
He bowed his Head, and had it stricken off.

Qu. Oh! execrable Villains! cou'd this face
Which govern'd me, not strike an awe in you?
Who were not worthy once to look up it?
And thou unfortunate gallant man!
Thy Wit, thy Valour, and thy delicate Form,
Were mighty faults, which the World cou'd not bear.
No wonder the vile envy of the base
Pursued thee, when the Noble cou'd not bear thee,
They cursed thee as the *Negroes* do the Sun,
Because thy shining Glories blackned e'm.
For which, Oh *England*! thus I pray for thee!
May'st thou ne're breed brave Man, or if thou dost,
Oh! let him be thy Ruine, or thou his.
May all thy Witty men be sadly Vitious,
Let sloth devour their Fortunes, Fools their Fame,
Lewdness their Souls, their Bodies Foul Disease.
May thy Wise Men be Factious, and head Fools,
If they be honest let e'm loose their Heads.
Let thy Brave Men against thy self be bravest,
Be Men at foreign, Devils at Civil War.
Let all thy Pious Sons with zeal run mad,
And make Religion thy Reproach and Curse.
May'st thou have all Religions to confound thee,
And none to save thee. —Here a bloody Altar,
Oh! cruel *England!* hast thou made for me,
Therefore these bloody Prayers I make for thee.

2 *Lady.* The King is coming, Madam.

Enter the King.

King. Oh! my Lord,
I bring thee frightful News, the Kentishmen
Are up in Arms, headed by one *Jack Cade*,
A Fellow who proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* Line.
He is marching towards *London*, in the head
Of a rude rugged merciless crowd of Peasants;
And all the way he proclaims me Usurper,
And vows to Crown himself at *Westminster*.
And in this great distress, to comfort me,
The tray'trous Duke of *York*, with a great Power,
Is marching hither too, and he proclaims
He comes but to remove the Duke of *Somnerset*,
But most believe he secretly intends
To reap the benefit of *Cade's* Rebellion.
That I am like a Ship beset with danger,
Threatned with Wracking by the Kentish Storm,
Or to be Boarded by that Pyrate, *York*.
Qu. So! so my Curse on *England* springs already. (*Aside.*
Oh! this were Musick to me, were it not
Allay'd by the sad weeping of my Son,
Heir of these Noble Kingdoms; who, methinks,
Sighs in my Ear, Ah, Mother, for my sake
Pity the helpless King my unfortunate Father!
He was Crown'd King when he was nine Months old;
But if you do not aid him, his Misfortune
Will never suffer me to be a King.
For thy sake Princely Boy, I will assist him,
And something for his own, he's a good Man,
Though a weak King; and it was my ambition
Made *Suffolk* stain his hands in innocent Blood.
Which Crime forgive me Heaven, and let the Duke
Of *Suffolk's* Blood be all my Punishment.

Enter Sommerset *and* Buckingham.

Buck. Oh! fly Sir, fly, the Rebels are in *Southwark*;
The Citizens through fear forsake their Houses.
The Rascal People all joyn with the Traytors,
Threatning to spoil the City, and your Court.
Som. Take comfort, Royal Sir, we'll all stand by you.

King.

King. Pray let as little Blood be ſhed as poſſible.
I'le ſend a holy Biſhop to entreat e'm
To ſpare their Souls and Bodies; I will promiſe e'm
To mend my Government, for I confeſs,
England may yet Curſe my unfortuate Reign.
Qu. Come, Sir, take Spirit in you; Men like Buildings
Fall to the Ground, if never Fire burn in e'm
To harden e'm; King's a Royal Building,
That ſhou'd have no ſoft Clay in it at all.
Adverſity has always reign'd upon you,
And made you ſoft; but yield not, Sir, to Rebels.
Royalty like great Beauty, muſt be chaſte,
Rogues will have all, if once they get a taſte. *Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Now some fine things perhaps you think to hear,
But he who did reform this Play does swear
He'll not bestow rich Trappings on a Horse,
That will want Breath to run a Three-days Course;
And be turn'd off by Gallants of the Town,
For Citizens and their Wives to Hackney on.
Not that a Barb that's come of Shackspears *breed,*
Can e're want Mettle, Courage, Shape, or Speed;
But you have Poetry so long rides Post,
That your delight in Riding now is lost.
And there is Reason for it I must own,
I've Foundred all the Poets in the Town.
Alas, their Strength and Courage may abate,
Under the Critique's Spur, and the Fools Weight.
And Destiny is playing wanton Tricks,
Turning the Nation round to Politiques;
The Romish Beast *has scar'd her from her Wits,*
And thrown her in her old Convulsion Fits.
The same she had many Years since, 'tis said,
Then Poetry was a miserable Jade.
The Pulpit then Men fiercely did bestride,
And Musqueteers that Wooden Horse did ride.
Those damn'd Diseases by time purg'd away,
The Nation streight grew Young again and Gay.
Balls assign'd, or Masquerades and Plays,
Were all the Business of those happy Days.
You flock'd to Plays as if they Jubilees were,
Things to be seen but once in Fifty Year.
Boxes i'th' Morning did with Beauty shine,
And Citizens then in the Pit did Dine.
The Wife with her good Husband did prevail,
To bring the Sucking Bottle full of Ale.
Then on her Knees cold Capon-legs were seen,
Her Husbands Capon-legs I do not mean.
Then we were pretious things, purchas'd tis known,
By Cloaths and Suppers, but these Days are done.
Yet they will come again, Times cannot hold,
But whilst they mend, Curse on it we grow old;
Then we may all who once were your delight,
Sup with Duke Humphry *as you have done to Night.*

FINIS.